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The Life and Death of
Sir William Kirkaldy
of Grange, Knight



HISTORIE OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

Sir William Kirkaldy

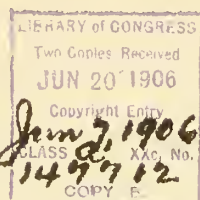
of Grange, Knight

WHEREIN is declared his many *Wise Designs and Valiant Actions*, with a *True Relation of his Heroic Conduct in the Castle of Edinburgh* which he had the Honour to defend for the *Queen of Scots*.
Now set forth from *Authentic Sources* by HAROLD MURDOCK.



PRINTED for **The Club of Odd Volumes** at BOSTON in
NEW ENGLAND in the Year of Our Lord, MDCCCVI

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To the Reader

THIS sketch of an old-time Scottish soldier, written in part more than twenty years since, is now re-cast and completed in its present form for publication by The Club of Odd Volumes. There have been but two attempts to present a consecutive narrative of the career of the most famous soldier of the days of Mary, Queen of Scots: (1.) An introductory chapter entitled Biographical Sketches of Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, prefixed to Constable's edition of Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century, published in 1801; (2.) Memoirs and Adventures of Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, Knight, &c., published by Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1849. It was the utter inadequacy of these accounts to convey any suggestion of the personality of Grange, or of the influences which shaped his striking career, that led many years ago to the studies that are responsible for the present sketch.

The Memoirs of Sir James Melville of Halhill form an important authority in regard to Grange, and they furnish by far the most intimate account of his personal traits and the motives which controlled his public acts. Knox, Bannatyne and Calderwood give us Kirkaldy as he appeared to the preachers, both in the days of his adherence to the Congregation and in the later time when

he

he had become estranged from his old friend, the Regent Murray. Interesting allusions to him are found in other contemporaneous writings. The Chronicles of Scotland by Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie; the Autobiography and Diary of James Melville; the Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents; and the Diarey of Robert Birrel have furnished much of the quoted matter in the following pages.

An effort has been made, in the choice of paper, types and embellishments, to present a volume in some measure suggestive of the bookmaking of those far-away days in which Kirkaldy lived. The illustrations are fully described in another place, and the aim has been to reproduce only such as possess distinct historic interest and are not easily accessible in their original state.

A word of appreciation is due to Mr. Updike for the warm interest he has taken in everything pertaining to the ornamentation of this volume. The search for desirable illustrations, the correspondence regarding old books and prints in collections abroad, the arrangement for and superintendence of the engraving, have commanded his time and effort, and the credit for results achieved is in a great measure due to him.

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A List

A List of Illustrations

I. The Royal Arms of Scotland *Title-page* ✓

TAKEN from the "New Actis and Constitutionis of Parliament maid be the Rycht Excellent Prince James the Fift Kyng of Scottis, 1540." The book was printed by John Davidson of Edinburgh in that year. But two copies are known to exist, both printed on vellum. The engraving is from a photograph made for reproduction in this volume from the copy in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

The "Annals of Scottish Printing," by Dickson and Edmond, says of this engraving: "It displays the insignia of the newly-instituted Order of the Thistle: the floral collar surrounding the greater part of the shield, and the jewel bearing the figure of St. Andrew behind his cross, depending from the lower part. The woodcut is a very creditable work of art, and, if executed in Scotland, speaks favourably for the skill of the engraver. It is probable that Sir David Lyndsay, Lyon King at Arms, was the designer of the work." The original has JACOBVS REX. 5. on ribands above the heads of the unicorns, for which in this book MARIA REGINA has been substituted.

II. Portrait of Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange:

facing page

3 ✓

Engraved from a photogravure in "Scottish Portraits," a recent work edited by Mr. James L. Caw, Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The photogravure is from the painting in the possession of the Honourable Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, to which allusion is made on page 117 of this work. The inscription beneath the portrait is an adaptation from certain lines to be found in the poem of Bothwell by William Edmonstone Aytoun (Ticknor & Fields, 1856, p. 113).

III. Initial

III. Initial Letters

The Initials, (B) page 45, (H) page 27, and (S) page 73, are taken from "Davidson's Acts," the same rare book described above. The letters were photographed for the engraver from the copy in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. The letter B is one of the most skilfully designed initials used by the Scotch printers. The letter H shows the figure of St. John the Evangelist holding his emblematic chalice, out of which a serpent is rising. The letter S displays a grotesque medley of flowers, human heads and angels' wings, which combined form the letter, while behind it stands St. Simon with his emblem, a two-handed saw. The remaining initials, (O) page 101 and (T) page 3, have been designed by Mr. A. B. LeBoutillier in a style to match the others just described.

IV. Map. A part of the Kingdome of Scotland:

page

16 J

From a drawing based on a Map of Scotland dated 1610, in the possession of the author.

V. "The Siege and wyunning of Edinburg Castel Anno 1573:" page

110 J

From the original woodcut contained in the 1577 edition of "Holinshed's Chronicles." The photograph from which this view is produced was made for reproduction in this volume from the copy of the "Chronicles" in the Boston Public Library. This is believed to be the sketch referred to in "A Survey taken of the Castle and towne of Edinbrogh in Scotland, by us Rowland Johnson and John Fleminge, servants to the Q. Ma^{tie}, by the comandement of Sr. William Drury, Knighte, Governor of Berwicke, and Mr. Henry Killigrave, Her Ma^{ties} Ambassador." It shows the Castle from the south, and is especially interesting as indicating the position of the English batteries. It has been reproduced once before, i.e. for the Bannatyne Club Edition of "The Bannatyne Miscellany" (1836).

VI. Facsimile

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- VI. *Facsimile reproduction of a Contemporaneous Broadside; the "Hailsome Admonitioun," &c. Imprintit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik, Anno Do. Mdxxx: page* 127 ✓

Photographed from the original in the Public Record Office, London, for reproduction in this work.

This admonition is addressed to the Laird of Grange, and exhorts him to support the King, and to revenge the murder of the Regent. It commences thus:

“O lamp of licht, and peirles Peirll of pryse,
O kenely Knicht in martiall deidis most ding
O worthy wicht most vailyeant war & wyse,
O Capitane ay constant to the King.”

- VII. *Colophon, including the Arms and Motto of Kirkaldy of Grange*: page 131

The design in which the arms are framed is from a history of the City of Genoa, published by Plantin in 1579. The coat of arms (Kirkaldy of Grange. Or, two mullets in chief, gules, and a crescent, or) is taken from a volume entitled, "Fac-Simile of an Ancient Heraldic Manuscript emblazoned by Sir David Lyndsay of The Mount. Lyon King of Armes, 1542." Edited by David Laing, LL.D., Edinburgh; published by William Paterson, 1878.

Of the above illustrations Nos. I to III inclusive and No. VII are engraved on wood by Mr. M. LAMONT BROWN. The others are rendered by mechanical process from drawings after original plates.

BOOK I





*Though but a Knyght of gentill strain
No Lord can summon such a Train
Of happie Omen is the Day
That brings Kirkaldie to the Fray.*

BOOK I

WHEREIN is mentioned the *Early Life of William Kirkaldy at the SCOTTISH COURT*, what he did at *Saint Andrews Castle*, and how being sent into a *Strange Country* he came to fight for the *French King* against the *EMPEROR*.



HE traveller from Europe who entered England in the days of Bluff King Hal regarded the land with some disdain. He found neither the gaiety of Paris, the bustle and enterprise of Antwerp, nor the colour and splendour of the Venetian quays. The sea-ports were for the most part decaying villages without piers and ill equipped for shipping, and the inland towns had become drowsy and dishevelled within their grass-grown walls. London was an imposing city, with its famous bridge beneath which the Thames foamed and roared, while the land was studded with thrifty villages whose shaded greens were thronged with people ruddy-cheeked and stout of bearing. Still the realm of England seemed bleak and rude to eyes used to a more polished civilization and to more genial climes.

Hardly a quarter of the soil was under cultivation in the days when Henry Tudor reigned. Great tracts of forest and moor, "bosky acres and unshrubbed downs," were traversed for weary miles by blind and boggy roads. So "foule long and cumbersome"

were

were these ways that people journeyed only upon necessity and after due preparation for discomfort and peril. Above smoky towns loomed the spires of fair and ancient churches now purged of their Roman idolatries, while from the crests of oak-clothed hills, grim feudal castles still overlooked the land, shorn of their terrors, yet seeming loath to assume the more genial humour of the country seat. The fangs of feudal power had been drawn, the Roman Church had been despoiled, and baron and priest were crouching before the throne. Society like the castle was in a transition state and it was the King who ruled the land with the support of his loyal Commons.

As late as the year 1540 there were few signs in England of the dawning of that intellectual and maritime revival which was then so close at hand. The Spanish galleons still ploughed unmolested the Western seas; the Avon murmured among the reeds of Stratford meadows, as yet untrodden by the boyish feet of Shakespeare. Good Sir Thomas More had been five years dead; the talented Earl of Surrey had almost run his gallant course. Men were still alive who had fought for the rival roses at Wakefield and Towton and whose arms had flashed in the last charge of Warwick on the misty field of Barnet. We can well imagine that around many a village fireside the venerable greybeards, inspired by wild rumours from Court of the fate of hapless queens, recited their recollections of the bloody days of Richard III.

But England seemed fair enough if compared with her northern neighbour. A journey to Edinburgh was not entered upon lightly in these days by the subjects of the English King. The Borders were in an unsafe and disorderly state. There were royal fortresses at Berwick and Carlisle, but their influence scarce extended an arrow's flight beyond their walls.

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The bold moss-troopers raided and plundered in defiance of edicts whether issued from London or the capital of the Scottish King. All through the broken country the Scottish riders were alert, with visions of plunder and memories of old injuries to keep their enthusiasm high. When the traveller to the north lost his last glimpse of the English standard floating from the keep of Carlisle, he loosened his sword in its scabbard and looked to his clumsy pistols.

At no time in its history did Scotland compare less favourably with England than during the two or three decades that followed the Battle of Flodden.* Centuries of strife had naturally told the more severely upon the weaker nation.† A war that called out the whole manhood of Scotland, leaving agriculture and trade to languish, had no such effect in England. While the lands north of the Tweed had been repeatedly ravaged, centuries had passed since a Scottish spear had been seen from the walls of Newcastle. The woeful news from Flodden brought out old men and women to guard the walls of Edinburgh, but the field was won for England by the yeomen of the Northern Parts‡ while the main military power of the realm was waging war in France. It was only in that narrow belt of country which extends from sea to sea, between the Grampian Hills and the Border dales, that a civilization existed in any sense comparable to that of England. Even the strong hand of James V had failed to redeem the Borders, while the mists of the northern mountains sheltered a people as wild as the glens in which they lived, and as far removed from royal authority as the thieving riders of the Debateable Land.

While affairs in England were shaped by the King and Commons, in Scotland the situation had resolved itself into a struggle between the nobility and the
Roman

Roman Church for the control of the sovereign. In form the government was liberal enough, all classes having a place in Parliament, but in its workings it was otherwise because the commoner was practically a vassal. The nobles were for the most part ignorant, fierce and self-willed. The greater lords attended Parliament, and after the Continental fashion had begun to erect town houses in the quaint closes or lanes that led from the High Street of Edinburgh. But the lesser barons shunned the capital and preferred to live their own wild lives among their vassals. As a result the dignitaries of the Church and the heads of a few great families dominated the Parliament. Not only was there bad blood between these factions, but the nobles themselves were estranged by numberless jealousies and feuds. These people made Edinburgh a turbulent dwelling-place. Fierce brawls stained the High Street with blood. The trains of rival barons encountered in narrow ways, and the wicked steel rang and flashed in the flickering glare of smoky torches. Again and again the great bell of St. Giles pealed out upon the night air, and summoned the Provost and his guard to restore the peace.

It was only among the clergy that education and aptitude for public affairs were to be found. It was natural that refinements and talents of this sort should be confined to the one class that was exempt from bearing arms. In the midst of seditions, raids, and wars, the Church quietly progressed in power and wealth. The religious houses, always the principal seats of learning, became as well the busiest trade centres in the kingdom. The monastery crops were the richest, the monastery herds the fattest, and the monastery brewing the best. It is claimed that at this time the Roman Church had by its peculiar methods acquired

acquired nearly one half of the desirable lands in Scotland. It is easy to see that the baron had his grievance against the priest. His battered armour commanded no such respect or favour at Court as the gorgeous robes which marked the cardinal and bishop.

The English King, not satisfied with suppressing the Roman Church within his realm, yearned in his pious zeal for its uprooting throughout the island of Great Britain. Upon his good nephew, who reigned in Scotland as James V, he urged the advantages that would accrue to God and man were he to employ drastic measures against the Church within his borders. But James lacked the personal incentive that had animated his worthy uncle, and realized that the social and political conditions in Scotland did not invite so radical a policy. The Cardinal Beaton was an aggressive man and James had sometimes chafed under his counsels, but he knew that it was only among the clergy that he could find advisers competent to help him in affairs of state. Henry, anxious for his project, despatched Sir Ralph Sadler to Edinburgh to reason with the King. Sadler was a keen observer and was not long in discovering the true conditions at the Scottish Court. "The noblemen be young," he writes (a touching reminder of the slaughter at Flodden). "I see none among them that hath any such agility of wit, gravity, learning, and experience to take in hand the direction of things. So that the King is of force driven to use the bishops and clergy as ministers of the realm. They be the men of wit and policy; they be never out of the King's ear." Sadler understood the situation too well to expect success, but he pressed his suit with loyal zeal. The King admitted the foibles of the churchmen, but on these matters, writes Sadler, "he spoke very

very softly, the Cardinal being present." James contended that the Church was liberal and would give him all he wanted. Sadler was finally repulsed with the less sordid sentiment, "I am sure my uncle will not desire me to do otherwise than my conscience serveth."

But the downfall of the Roman Church in Scotland was to be accomplished without the agency of the Sovereign. The lean and hungry baron yearning for the rich treasure of the priests, and controlling vassals as needy as himself, was to receive with ardour the advent of reformatory ideas. The circulation of the Scriptures among the people, the fierce harangues of zealous preachers, and the satirical poems of Sir David Lindesay also had their weight, and appealed to better motives. But the repressive methods adopted by the Church itself furnished to the Reformation in Scotland its greatest stimulus. For the holding of "the heresies of Martin Luther," men were burned at the stake. The flames were kindled on high land to the intent that far and wide those "seeing the fire might be stricken with terror and fear." But such measures begat anger rather than dread. The burning of Patrick Hamilton before the Castle of St. Andrews stirred such an uproar that John Lindesay was led to exclaim that "the reik of Master Patrick Hamilton had infected as many as it blew upon." Among the students in St. Andrews it was fiercely asked, "Whairfor was Maister Hamilton brunt?" The same question passed swiftly from mouth to mouth throughout Fife and the Lothians. So the Church in its cruel dealing with zealous and stubborn men was preparing the way for its own undoing.

About the year 1523 Sir John Melville of Raith, a scholarly and austere man, came down to Edinburgh with

with his son-in-law, Sir James Kirkaldy, the Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange, and presented him at Court. From this time the Laird of Grange was a familiar figure to all those who surrounded the Scottish King. His Castle of Kirkaldy-Grange, or the Grange, as it was generally known, stood on the high land between Kinghorn and Kirkaldy and was in those days a well-known landmark on that part of the coast of Fife. Its lofty battlements and embrasured windows commanded a broad prospect. The golden \S coast-line, dotted with castles and fair towns, stretched away toward the north, while to the south, beyond the gleaming waters, the highlands of Lothian loomed dimly above the murky pall of Auld Reekie. The site was a favoured one. It was within easy reach of the Court at Edinburgh or Falkland, and a pleasant ride inland through the very garden of Scotland led to Linlithgow and Stirling. A score of miles to the east, noted for its University and its great Ecclesiastical Court, was St. Andrews, that quaint and drowsy city, lulled to rest by the booming of the sea and the music of those famous chimes silenced centuries ago.

From the first the King was much taken with the Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange. He was "a stoute bold man," we are told, "who always offered by single combate and at point of the sword to maintain whatever he spake;" traits not unusual, to be sure, in those robust times. But the King found qualities in him which were lacking in most of his class. "He esteemed him true," and in 1527 he invested him with the office of Lord High Treasurer of the realm. To the churchmen this boisterous man with the ready sword was by no means agreeable, and ere long they were whispering to the King that the Laird of Grange "was become a heretic and that he had always a New Testament in English in his pouch." But the King was not

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to be moved and roundly declared that he valued the plain, frank gentleman from the castle of Kirkaldy-Grange. So it remained for his enemies to complain among themselves "that Grange had become so vain and arrogant by His Majesty's favour that no man could abide him."

The King appears to have detected some signs of humour in the clashing of the rival factions, and it was in sportive mood that he is said to have displayed to Grange a list of eminent persons in Scotland who in the judgement of the Cardinal Beatoun it would be well to burn for heresy. As his own name was prominent in the schedule, it is to be feared that Grange did not enter fully into the mirthful spirit of the King. We do not know how well the Baron guarded his tongue in this matter, but after a little time we find it murmured in Edinburgh, and also at the English Court, that "the Cardinal Beatoun is said to stand in danger of his life from the Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange."

One result of the spread of the Reformed doctrines in Scotland was to modify the old hatred of England. The Laird of Grange was one of a most formidable party who urged upon James a marriage with the sister of the English King, and the cultivation of friendly relations with "the auld enemy." Between this faction on the one hand and the Cardinal Beatoun on the other, the head that wore the Scottish crown rested uneasily indeed. The Cardinal's party achieved their purpose in bringing about the royal marriage with a daughter of the House of Guise, a sister of those famous brothers who were regarded upon the Continent as the brightest ornaments and most powerful defenders of the Roman faith. These nuptials took place in 1538, to the intense chagrin of Henry VIII and of the Protestant party in Scotland.

land. Our Fifeshire baron was disgusted with the vacillation of his Monarch. "My warding or my life are trifling matters," he complained to the royal face, "but alas it breaks my heart that the world should hear your Majesty is so facile."

Henry did not yet abandon the hope of accomplishing something with his nephew, and a short time after the marriage an agreement was made between the Sovereigns to meet at York to discuss the issues that had so long disturbed them. Henry reached the rendezvous as agreed, but churchly and perhaps wifely considerations dissuaded James from his purpose. For four days his stormy Majesty of England fretted and fumed at York, and then, his scanty store of patience exhausted, he let slip the dogs of war. A fierce scourge of fire and sword swept over the hapless Borderside. At the head of an imposing power King James moved southward for the defence of Scottish soil. But on arriving at Fala and receiving news that the English bands had been withdrawn, the nobles refused to continue the advance. The King was helpless in the face of such wholesale defection. He managed to push a scanty force across the Western Border, but they had little heart in their work, and while engaged in disorder and strife among themselves, they were attacked on Solway Moss and disgracefully routed. This was a death-blow to the King. Stung with shame and chagrin he gave himself over to profound melancholy. He made his weary way to Edinburgh, rested a few hours in his new palace of Holyrood, and then passed on toward Falkland in great dejection of spirit. He decided to break his journey at Sir James Kirkaldy's house of Halyards, which lay high in the wooded country a few miles north of the Castle of Kirkaldy-Grange. We are indebted to John Knox for a minute description of this visit.

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The Baron was absent, but the Lady of Grange "humanely" received her Monarch. "Perceiving that he was pensive the lady began to comfort him, and willed him to take the work of God in good part." To which the King replied, "My portion of the world is short for I will not be with you fifteen days." When asked where he would pass the Christmas season which then approached, he answered with "a disdainful smile," "I cannot tell. Choose ye the place, but this I tell you on Yule day you will be masterless and the realm without a king."

This narrative of Knox has an added interest as introducing for the first time on the historical stage William Kirkaldy, the eldest son of the Baron, a lad in his teens, who was travelling in the suite of the King. No record is preserved of the date of his birth, but we know that he first saw the light in the old castle above the Forth, probably at about the time that his father was made Lord High Treasurer of the realm. Of his early training no record remains, but it is safe to say that the "stoute man" with the ready sword saw to it that he grew up proficient in all manly exercises. As Knox refers to Lady Kirkaldy as a "godly matron," and as her father the Knight of Raith was everywhere known as an arrant Calvinist, there can be no doubt as to the religious atmosphere in which the youth was bred. The monotony of life at the castle and at Halyards must have been broken by frequent journeys with his father to Falkland, Edinburgh, or beyond. It is also certain that he was sent at an early age to the University of Paris. As a student there, he found George Buchanan teaching in the College of Cardinal Lemoine, and made the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Randolph, whom in later years he was to find in Edinburgh as the shrewd Ambassador of England at the Court

Court of the Queen of Scots. Why the youth was sent overseas and how long he remained at the French capital, we do not know, but it is fair to assume that the whole project was distasteful to both Lady Kirkaldy and her father. Paris to them was the seat of all iniquity, a stronghold of "the Pope that pagan full of pride." But the Baron was doubtless of another mind. Attendance at Court may have convinced him that a lack of what Sadler had described as "men of wit and policy" was a serious handicap to his party, and that for the future Scotland must be ruled by those whose wits were as keen as their swords.

The King rested at Halyards for one night, and the next morning passed on toward Falkland with William Kirkaldy in his train. The lad was at Falkland a few days later when the messenger came galloping into the courtyard with the tidings from Linlithgow that the Queen had given birth to a daughter, that hapless Princess destined to win a mournful fame as Mary, Queen of Scots. He may have stood by the Royal bedside when these tidings were announced and heard the lament of the stricken King, "It came with a lass, it will go with a lass." "He spake little from thenceforth," says Pitscottie, "but turned his back to his lords and his face to the wall." It was seven days later that "with all his lords about him he held up his hands to God," and so died.

James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, was chosen Protector and Governor of Scotland by the Lords at Edinburgh, as was fitting in view of his kinship to the reigning house. To strengthen his hands against the Cardinal Beatoun, who had coveted this honour for himself, Arran recalled from exile the Earl of Angus and Sir George Douglas, who for fifteen years had resided in England under the displeasure of James V. The solicitude which King Henry of Eng-
land

land had always displayed for his dear nephew was now transferred to the babe who lay in her cradle at Linlithgow. Looking to the future union of the realms he proposed a marriage contract between the infant Queen and Prince Edward, his eldest son. The custody of the Queen was to be given into the hands of the English King, and pending her arrival at marriageable years an English council would sit at Edinburgh, and English soldiers garrison the Castle that overhung the town. These proposals were soon urged as demands. The nobles captured at Solway Moss had been allowed to return to Scotland on the promise of supporting the policy of the King. These men added much strength to the English party, which, as we have seen, was already strong in Scotland. This party also profited much by the home-coming of the Earl of Angus and Sir George Douglas, who had pleasant memories of courtesies and hospitality extended to them at the English Court.

But the fiery Henry seriously embarrassed his advocates in Scotland, and Sadler vainly urged upon him the wisdom of patience and fair words. "The Scotch are a stout nation," said Sir Adam Otterburne, "and will never consent that an English king rule over them." Sir George Douglas was no less outspoken: "It is impossible to be done at this time though the whole nobilities of the realm would consent unto it, yet our common people and the stones in the streets would rise and rebel against it." Unhappily the Earl of Arran was a man "altered by every man's flattery and fair speech." While himself of the Reformed religion he had a wholesome dread of the Cardinal Beatoun, behind whom he saw looming the vast power of the Princes of Lorraine and of the Catholic King of France. His vacillation drove all parties to distraction. "He is the most inconstant man in the world," cried

cried the Queen Mother, "for whatsoever he determineth to-day he changeth to-morrow." It was Sir George Douglas who suggested the idea to the Regent that the Cardinal be kidnapped and sent into England. This appealed to Arran's sense of humour. "He had lever go into Hell," was his delighted comment.

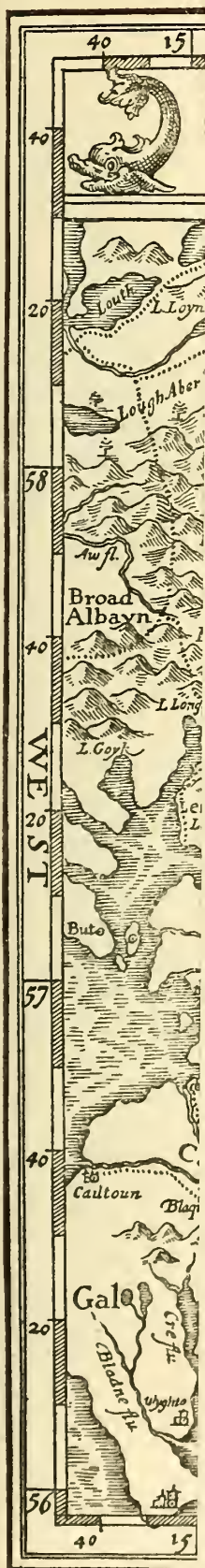
About this time|| we find the Earl of Hertford in Scotland writing to Henry VIII that "The Laird of Grange, the Master of Rothes, and others would attempt either to apprehend or slay the Cardinal as he shall go through the Fife-land as he doth sundrie times to St. Andrews." Nothing came of this project for the time. The Cardinal was wary, and we can only speculate as to whether this design of Kirkaldy had any connection with the suggestion made by Douglas to the Regent.

The Parliament, composed largely of King Henry's faction, finally agreed to the English match and that the Queen should be given into English custody when she became ten years of age.** The Earl of Arran assented to this arrangement, only to retract his approval a few days later. Henry of England could be controlled no longer. His fleets landed troops at Leith, which was sacked and burned. Edinburgh was put to the torch, "and continued burning," says Pitscottie, "all that day and the two days next ensuing so that neither within the walls nor in the suburbs was left any one house unburnt." We read of the destruction of "a fair town called Haddington," together with its famous abbey, long styled in reverential fondness "The Lamp of Lothian." The good people of Dunbar, newly gone to their beds, perished in the flames of their dwellings; Jedburgh was plundered and wrecked; while at Melrose a savage soldiery cast down the tombs of those mighty men who
in

in bygone ages founded the strength of the House of Douglas. For days Teviotdale and the Merse saw the sun dim and ruddy through smoke clouds, while from the walls of Berwick the English warders beheld with awe the broad current of the Tweed as it came down to the sea bearing ghastly trophies of this "rough wooing" by the English King.

With difficulty the Regent Arran was roused to take decisive measures against the invader. The name of Kirkaldy does not appear in the list of those who took up arms at this crisis, but there is small doubt that father and son were among those "sundrie barrones and gentlemen of Fife," mentioned by Pitscottie, who "with jack and spear" joined the Regent "forment Melrose in guid order." We may rest assured that they were among that hardy band who under Norman Leslie bore the Scottish Lion to victory on the bloody field of An-crum Moor, and that their joy was hardly less fierce than that of Angus when the bloody corse of Ralph Evers†† was laid to rest in the desecrated aisles of Melrose.

King Henry's loss of temper had afforded a rare opportunity to the Catholic party in Scotland, but the Cardinal Beaton could see in it only the Heaven-sent chance to root out heresy in the realm. The Regent abjured the Reformed doctrines and was reconciled to the Roman Church, one of the first fruits of his recantation being the removal of the Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange from his office as Treasurer. A long list of savageries culminated in the burning of George Wishart, a Reformed minister, before the Castle of St. Andrews. This event outraged the public mind and proved as harmful to the ecclesiastical cause as the death of Hamilton a few years before. Wishart suffered under the eyes of the Cardinal, who reclined in a window of the castle to witness his passing. As the



A PART OF THE KINGDOME OF SCOTLAND





the flames rose the voice of the martyr was heard to declare something to this effect, "God forgive yon man that lies so glorious on the wall head; but within a few days he shall lie there as shameful as he is glorious now." The common people in Scotland held the Reformed preachers in almost superstitious reverence and set great store by their prophetic powers. The dying words of Wishart passed rapidly through the land until thousands came to believe that the Cardinal was accursed and that his end was near. Then followed the murder at St. Andrews. In the early dawn of that May morning in 1546 we find a band of sixteen assassins in full possession of the gates and courtyard of the Cardinal's castle. Norman Leslie, the hero of Ancrum Moor, is the leading spirit, and there, too, we recognize again the youthful heir of Kirkaldy-Grange. The lad was not among those who forced their way to the Cardinal's chamber and did the bloody deed, but his sword was out and he made wild work among the castle guards. It was a black business, and it is to be feared that it was a sense of personal rather than national wrongs that nerved the arms of the assassins. Norman Leslie held a bitter grudge against the Primate, and we have already seen what the relations were between the Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange and the chief ecclesiastic of the Roman Church in Scotland. Why the son rather than the father was engaged in this affair, we do not know, but before night on the day of the murder the Baron, with many other Fifeshire gentlemen, had joined the assassins in the castle. It is to be noted as an evidence of the temper of the conspirators that the mangled remains of the great Cardinal were early displayed from the battlements, to the end that the prophecy of Master Wishart might be fulfilled.

Then followed the forfeiture of the assassins by
Parliament

Parliament and the siege of St. Andrews Castle. English gold found its way within the beleaguered walls, and doubtless into the pockets of the besieging nobles whose work was tame indeed. There is no trace of horror at the crime to be found in the Protestant literature or memoirs of the day, and while Sir David Lindesay of the Mount burlesqued the event in verse we find John Knox writing "merrily" of the "Godly fact." The war still smouldered on the Borders and the Catholic party prevailed upon the Regent to appeal to France for aid. The heats of summer passed, the autumn waned, the winter blasts from the German Ocean roared over the castle battlements, and still the garrison bade defiance to the whole power of the Kingdom of the Stuarts. It was in the early spring of 1547, the late snows were still gleaming on the crests of the Lomond hills, when John Knox, then just coming into notice as a forceful preacher, made his way into the castle and cast in his lot with the defenders. There he found one of the strangest and most ill assorted assemblies that has ever gathered in any cause. The fiercest theological zeal went hand in hand with all viciousness and crime. It was a band made up on one hand of fanatics who walked grimly in the ways of the Lord, and on the other of brawling ruffians who feared neither God nor man. While in one part of the castle John Knox thundered his doctrines and hurled anathemas upon the evildoers, in another boisterous dissipation held shameless sway. In the intervals of the siege the good people of St. Andrews and of the country round about suffered fearful outrage at the hands of the unruly garrison. As the summer deepened the rough preacher betook himself to prophecy. He declared that the castle walls should "be but as egg shells," that England would not rescue them, that "they should be delivered into
their

their enemies hands, and carried afar off into a strange country."

The superstitious garrison showed disheartenment at these words, and on the twenty-ninth of June, 1547, a fleet of sixteen galleys, flying the standard of France, made their way into St. Andrews Bay. Then there was siege in earnest, for the veterans of France were far different foes from the turbulent vassals of the half-hearted Scottish peerage. The dash of Norman Leslie and the courage of the Kirkaldys availed nothing against such enemies as these, directed by the skill of Leo Strozzi who had recently foiled the armies of the Emperor before Siena. On July thirtieth, the walls of the castle having been fatally breached, the garrison surrendered to the King of France. The defenders were taken aboard the galleys and transported to French ports. William Kirkaldy and Norman Leslie found their prison on the sea-girdled rock of St. Michel. John Knox, in the valley of the Loire, pulled wearily at a galley oar throughout the long winter, while the Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange fumed and chafed in strict confinement within the Castle of Cherbourg. So the prophecy of John Knox came true and the Kirkaldys and their ill-starred colleagues were carried "afar off into a strange country."

The bearing of William Kirkaldy at St. Andrews had been much to the liking of Knox, and though scores of miles separated the castled rock of St. Michel from the rotting galley on the Loire, in some way the two managed to maintain communication with each other. That Kirkaldy was true to the reformer's standards and to the early teachings of the Lady Janet, his mother, is shown by his refusal to attend mass at the command of his captors "unless he should be permitted to kill the priest." This evidence of his hopeful spiritual state was followed by

a letter in which he desired to know of Knox "if it was lawful for him to break his bonds." To this came in due time an affirmative reply from the preacher, provided it could be accomplished without the shedding of blood. And now the jailors at St. Michel fell upon evil times for they had to contend with the ready wit and the strong arms that had mastered Beatoun's castle. On the eve of the birthday of Henry II the vigilance of the castle guards was relaxed because of overmuch drinking of His Majesty's health. Kirkaldy and two companions seized the opportunity, and as a result of a bloodless scuffle the warders were soon in confinement and the hardy Scotchmen making their way in the early dawn through the shallow waters to the mainland. "Great search was made through the whole country for them," writes Knox, "but they escaped the hands of the faithless."

It is not clear how John Knox gained his liberty nor why the Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange was released by the French King, but these men, with Norman Leslie and William Kirkaldy, had in 1550 regained British soil and made their way to London. The atmosphere of Scotland was still uncongenial for all those who had wrought the crime of St. Andrews. Henry VIII had passed away, and Edward VI held his mild sway over England; the Queen of Scots had been betrothed to the Dauphin of France, and at nine years of age was dwelling at the French Court under the eyes of her ambitious uncles of the House of Guise. While Edward lived all went well with the exiles, though to men of their active habits life in London may have been dull enough. The city that Kirkaldy saw had suffered much in appearance in the past decade. The mansions of the great nobles still rendered it imposing, and the prosperity of the merchants was evidenced in many a fine hall or palace
rising

rising here and there above the low timbered roofs that clustered thickly westward of the Tower. But the eye was everywhere offended by the ruins of the churches and religious houses that had been wrecked and rifled by the ruthless citizens of King Harry's day. It is to be feared that Kirkaldy and his friends gazed upon these sights and found them good, that they did not mourn for the colour and the pomp with which the churchmen had invested the capital, and which had passed away with the fall of their spires and shrines. Like the rascal rabble thronging as ever on the Bridge and in old St. Paul's, they regarded these signs of ecclesiastical woe as a righteous purging wrought by the hand of God. A pension from the English Crown soothed them for the loss of their Scottish revenues until the untimely death of the young King brought Mary Tudor to the throne. Then there was an end of pensions and it behooved the slayers of a Primate to look elsewhere for shelter. John Knox made his way to Geneva, that famous rendezvous for those of his way of thinking, while Norman Leslie and William Kirkaldy crossed the Channel and placed their swords at the disposal of the French King.

The presence of the Queen of Scots in Paris had drawn many Scotchmen thither, and in such favour was the nation held at the French Court that our recruits were well received despite the tragedy of St. Andrews and the escapade of Mont St. Michel. Henry was preparing for his bold stroke against Charles V, and stout soldiers were in demand. All sorts of martial exercises were popular, and at these Kirkaldy appeared to much advantage. "The King," says Sir James Melville, "used him so familiarly as to chuse him commonly upon his side, and because he shott far with a great shaft at the butts, the King would have him

him to shoot two arrows, one for his pleasure." The Court of France was doubtless at this time the most polished and splendid in Europe. Great soldiers, keen statesmen, men of letters and science, thronged the salons of Henry II, and fair ladies reigned over all. To men bred to the saddle and the spear the luxury of this environment formed a strange transition. Kirkaldy may well have carried through life vivid memories of that famous Court: the commanding figure and haughty courtesy of François de Guise, the martial presence and grave bearing of Coligny, the boyish features and the keen glance of the Cardinal of Lorraine, the modest deference of Ambroise Paré, the bent figure of Rabelais, the witty Vicar of Meudon. There, too, was the dazzling beauty of the fair Diane, the dark impassive face of the vengeful Queen, and the childish graces of the Queen of Scots as she moved radiant among her bright Maries. It was a brilliant company that thronged the lists to applaud the feats of mimic war, that swept through the Royal halls in the mazes of the dance, or sat hushed with bated breath listening to the latest sonnet or ode of Monsieur Ronsard.

But the trumpets were sounding for the campaign, and Kirkaldy and Norman Leslie were glad to follow the Great Constable of France to the field. The campaigns of 1553 and 1554 in the Low Countries proved a brilliant succession of battles and sieges from which the Duke of Guise snatched fair laurels at Metz, and the armies of the Emperor final victory at St. Quentin. These two years of hard campaigning with the greatest captains of the time, employing all the most modern machinery of war, afforded Kirkaldy the experience that enabled him to hold undisputed throughout his life the title of the first soldier of Scotland. Norman Leslie met a hero's death

on

on the hillsides of Renti, and we are assured that "no man made greater dole for his death than the laird of Grange." At the close of the campaign Kirkaldy accompanied the King to Paris, his name known and respected throughout the army. "He was extolled," said Sir James Melville, "by the Duke of Vendôme, Prince of Condé and Duke of Aumale, governors and colonels then in Picardy and I heard the King, Henry II, point unto him and say, 'Yonder is one of the most valiant men of our time.' The Great Constable of France would not speak with him uncovered, and the King gave him an honourable pension, whereof he never sought payment."

But the young Scotchman had faced the hosts of the Emperor without love for the cause he had espoused. His heart was in the Fifeland, and he longed to be back among his people at the castle above the Scottish Sea.†† It filled him with rage to hear how the Queen Mother reigned for the Roman Church with French soldiers at her back. Neither the respect of his comrades, the allurements of the Court, nor the good will of the King could win his affection for the great dynasty beneath whose silver lilies he had marched and fought. Under date of March first, 1557, we find Sir Nicholas Wotton, the English Ambassador at Paris, writing as follows to Lord Paget at London: "I have heretofore certified to the Queen's Majesty what good will this bearer Kirkaldy seemed to bear to Her Majesty and to the realm of England, how little he is contented with the present state of Scotland, and how desirous he is to see it freed from the yoke of Frenchmen and restored to its former liberty, and also what offers he hath divers times made to serve the Queen's Majesty. . . . Forasmuch as he returneth now to Scotland, and thereby hath occasion to pass through England, I advised him to
do

do that which I perceived he was before of himself disposed to do—to visit you by the way.”

It is a singular fact in regard to this letter that many historians have made the error of disregarding its date and assuming that Elizabeth was “the Queen’s Majesty” to whom it refers. But Mary Tudor had yet many months to live and it was as her Ambassador that Wotton was dwelling at the Court of France, and it was to her that he declares Kirkaldy bore “good will.” With the life of the camp and at the Tournelles as an antidote for the teachings of John Knox, we can fancy that Kirkaldy’s political and religious views had undergone some modification since the day he broke his bonds at Mont St. Michel. Despite the fact that Bloody Mary ruled in England, he believed the real danger to Scotland lay in the ambition of the Princes of Lorraine. He had much cause to love the French King; he remembered well the “rough wooing” of Henry VIII, but he was still of the opinion in which he had been bred, that lasting peace with England was not only necessary to the welfare of Scotland, but quite possible of achievement. However much his conscience may have been concerned in the doctrines of Master Knox, he had also come to see that in the spread of Protestant ideas throughout the island of Great Britain there was an influence at work that made for political unity.

BOOK II



BOOK II

HOW William Kirkaldy returned to SCOTLAND as Laird of Grange, how he overthrew Ralph Evers in single Combat, and how as a Soldier of the Congregation he defended the FIFELAND against the Frenchmen.



OW the young soldier was received in London, we do not know, nor whether he urged that the troops of the English Defender of the Faith should be employed to expel from Scotland the troops of His Most Christian Majesty of France. Before the summer had passed he trod again the far-viewing battlements of that ancient castle in which he had been born. It was as Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange that the young man reappeared among his friends in Fife, for his stout old father had died a few months before and now slept with his ancestors in the little church that nestled in the shadow of the castle wall. Nor was this the only bereavement he had suffered during his exile. His grandfather, the stern Knight of Raith, had in the last days of the reign of Edward VI been put to death at Stirling, by order of the Regent, for conducting a treasonable correspondence with England. The devotion of the father and the grandfather to the cause of the English alliance came home to Grange with new force now that they were both gone.

Aside from his personal sorrows the home-coming

of

of Grange was dreary enough. He found public affairs in a sad state. The tyranny of Mary of England had filled Scotland with refugees who stirred the common people by their tales of persecution suffered, and of Smithfield bonfires. John Knox had made his way home in 1556, and his voice was ringing up and down the land calling the Roman Church to account. One by one the great nobles were declaring for the Reformed faith, thereby winning favour with the commons and a reasonable surety of increased wealth when the treasures of the Church should be divided. Mary of Guise, the Queen Dowager, who had displaced Arran as Regent, while inclined by nature to leniency was much influenced by her bigoted brothers in France. She pursued a shifting policy, at one moment fierce and cruel, at another weak and relenting. It was in the hope of placating the rapidly increasing Protestant party that she recalled the offenders of St. Andrews. While the presence of a Roman Catholic Princess on the English throne had, as we have seen, stimulated the growth of Protestant doctrine among the common people in Scotland, it had dampened the political ardour of the English party north of the Tweed. True to her engagements with her brothers in France, the Regent strove to employ her power in threatening measures against the English posts on the Border. But the Scottish nobles failed her as they had failed the King, her husband, when any aggression was attempted on English soil. She could rely only upon her French troops, and they were too few for offensive measures. In view of these circumstances, and considering Wotton's letter of the spring of 1557, it is surprising in the fall of that year to find Lord Wharton, who commanded for England on the Borders, writing to London of a conference held with the Laird of Grange, who, with the Lord
James

James Stuart and others, is clearly acting in the interest of the Regent and her French allies. Whether the attitude of Grange at this time was brought about by the memory of some rebuff encountered during his stay in London, or because of the evidence Scotland offered of the savage policy of Mary Tudor, we can only conjecture. His course may be traceable to the influence of the Lord James Stuart, with whom he consorted much in these days. This young man was a natural son of James V, and as a child had been created Prior of St. Andrews. He had gone to France in 1548 in the train of his sister, the Scottish Queen, and did not reappear in Scotland until six or seven years had passed. With fine natural endowments, the Lord James had eagerly improved the varied advantages afforded by a residence at the French Court. A close student of military affairs, he attained even greater proficiency in those graceful and subtle accomplishments that mark the scholar and the statesman. It was in Paris that Grange first met this accomplished scion of the House of Stuart, and a warm friendship resulted. The intimacy between the young men was destined to endure for many years and to exercise a strong influence upon the character, conduct and fate of the Laird of Grange.

It was during his service on the Border in the spring of 1558 that Grange underwent the challenge of Sir Ralph Evers. Pitscottie states "that the Lord Evers' brother desired to fight with William Kirkaldy, Laird of Grange, in single combat upon horseback with spears and the said William was very well content thereof." The combat took place on the slopes of the Halidon Hill in the presence of the two armies. Evers was accompanied by his brother, Lord Evers, the Governor of Berwick; Grange by Monsieur D'Oysel, the Lieutenant of the King of France in Scotland.

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“The Laird of Grange,” says Pitscottie, “ran his adversary the Englishman through the shoulder blade and off his horse, wounded deadlie and in peril of his life. But whether he died or lived I cannot tell, but Grange wan the victorie.”

Aside from the light it throws upon the character of Grange, this incident is memorable as being the last of those knightly jousts which form so picturesque a feature in the history and tradition of Border strife. Kirkaldy with his Fifeshire spearmen may have been back in Edinburgh before the summer months, and the Regent could hardly be indifferent to the service he had done. But so shrewd a woman may well have feared that in this stalwart scion of a brave and heretical ancestry there was the nucleus of much trouble for her cause.

The year 1558 was marked by more important events than the victory of Grange over Evers. In April the Queen of Scots was married in Paris to the Dauphin of France, and in the fall Mary Tudor yielded up her troubled life and the Princess Elizabeth ascended the throne of England. The Scottish Parliament despatched a deputation of distinguished men to represent the nation at the nuptial festivities in Paris, but before they reached the French coast on their homeward journey, no less than five of these eminent persons were seized with sudden illness and died. The Lord James Stuart was among those stricken, but recovered. Poison immediately suggested itself to the popular mind in Scotland, and as the Protestant element was largely represented in the deputation, the Princes of Lorraine and the Roman Church were roundly charged with murder. An event that might have been the happy occasion of allaying party bitterness thus became the means of widening the breach between the religious factions and of advancing the interests

interests of the Reformation. The accession of Elizabeth and the reëstablishment of Protestantism in England came at a happy moment for this cause. So in 1559 what Pitscottie quaintly styles "the uproar of religion" was let loose upon the land. The Church met the rising influence of the preachers and the growing defection among the nobles as unwisely and as savagely as of yore. The venerable Milne was burned at the stake, and the Reformers responded with acts of savage vandalism. It was the display of idols in the procession on St. Giles day in Edinburgh that moved the rabble to frenzy. Although the Regent herself rode in the pageant, the mob could not be restrained. "Then," says Knox, "the priests and friars fled faster than they did at Pinkie Cleuch. Down go the crosses, off go the surplices, round caps and cornered crowns. The Grey Friars gaped, the Black Friars blew, the priests panted and fled."

The unhappy Regent would fain have effected some honest compromise, but with the marriage of her daughter in Paris the influence of her brothers became too strong to be resisted. The events of the years 1559 and 1560 form a sad and weary chapter in the annals of Scotland. The preachers were summoned to appear at Stirling to answer charges of heresy and sedition, but they came so strongly attended that there was nothing for it but to dismiss them with courtesies and fair words. The godly people of Perth stoned the frightened priests and then wrecked their fair cathedral. The Regent was restrained from retaliatory measures by the uprising of the gentlemen of Fife. She was allowed to enter Perth at last on conditions that she promptly violated; her march upon St. Andrews was checked by a superior force. The fall of 1559 found her at Dunbar, worsted and humiliated at every point. Her duplicity at Perth
had

had cost her the support of the Earl of Argyle and also of the Lord James Stuart, who, however, had no great love for the extreme views and measures of Knox and his ministers. One by one her friends dropped away until Lord Seton and that ill-omened peer, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, were almost the only men of rank or influence that remained true to her cause. Under the name of the Lords of the Congregation the Protestant nobility advanced upon Edinburgh, occupied the city and then sat down before Leith, blockading the French troops there.

Grange appears to have joined the Congregation at about the time of the affair at Perth, and was probably under arms in season to welcome the Lord James Stuart to the cause. For a time he appears to have been more active with his pen than with his sword, and certain it is that men were few in Scotland who could wield the gentler weapon with skill and effect. In the spring of 1559 Knox was at St. Andrews, having just returned thither from another visit to Calvin in Geneva. He was joined in St. Andrews by Grange, and there, in the words of the preacher, they "entered into deep discourse." The steadily increasing strength of the Regent's French forces disturbed their peace of mind. To Knox their presence meant the giving over of the land to Antichrist and the delivery of thousands of souls to the pains of everlasting perdition. To Grange it meant the vassalage of Scotland to France, and ruinous and never-ending strife with "the auld enemy." "If England," exclaimed Knox, "would foresee their ane commodity, yea if they did but consider the danger wherein they themselves did stand, they would not suffer us to perish in this quarrel, for France hath decreed no less the conquest of England than of Scotland." So Grange took his pen in hand, and his letters at this time

time give much insight into the posture and desires of the Congregation. On June twenty-third he writes to Cecil in London, "If ye suffer us to be overthrown ye shall prepare a way for your own destruction; if you will advisedly and friendly look upon us, Scotland will in turn be faithful to England to defend the liberties of the same."

Again on July 1, 1559, we find Grange writing to Sir Henry Percy from Edinburgh, where, he says with military exactness, the Congregation had arrived that day "by three of the clock." "I assure you," he says of his comrades, "you need not have them in suspicion; for they mean nothing but the reformation of religion, which shortly throughout the realm they will bring to pass. . . . The manner of their proceeding in reformation is this; they pull down all manner of friaries and some abbeyes which willingly receive not the Reformation; as to parish churches they cleanse them of images and all other instruments of idolatry and command that no masses be said in them, in place thereof the book set forth by godly King Edward is read in some churches. They have never as yet meddled with a penny-worth of that which pertains to the kirk; but presently they will take orders through all the parts where they dwell that all the fruits of the Abbeyes and other churches shall be kept and bestowed upon the faithful ministers until such time as other orders be taken. Some suppose the Queen seeing no other remedy will follow their desire; which is that a general Reformation be made throughout the realm, conform to the pure word of God, and the Frenchmen sent away. If her Grace will so do, they will obey and serve her and annex the whole revenue of the Abbeyes to the Crown. If her Grace will not be content, they will hear of no agreement."

There

There is no record of protest by any of the lords or gentlemen of the Congregation against the acts of vandalism to which Grange refers. Even the more worldly sort like the Lord James Stuart and Douglas Earl of Morton seem to have accepted the formula of Knox that the way to be rid of rooks was to pull down their nests. No Southron army ever worked such havoc in Scotland as the hosts of the Congregation. St. Mungo's, in Glasgow, was happily spared, as was for the time the Cathedral of Elgin, that stately fane so fondly described as "the mirror of the land and the fair glory of the realm." But what the Englishmen had left of Kelso and Dryburgh now fell by Scottish hands. Tall spires that had loomed as sacred landmarks for generations of pious souls came crashing down in dust and rubbish. The wind howled through broken belfries now silent forever. The bells of Melrose no longer sounded in the vale of Tweed;* the sailor coasting the shores of Fife listened in vain for the sweet melody of St. Andrews' chimes. Pictures, carved woods, the sacred vestments, all the beautiful and glittering paraphernalia of the priestly orders served to feed bonfires throughout the kingdom. The sacred vessels of gold and silver were melted down, and their value found its way into the pockets and coffers of those who Grange innocently believed had not "meddled with a pennyworth of that which pertains to the kirk." Grange saw things through honest eyes, he heard with honest ears, and his faith in his colleagues was still high when he declared to Cecil "that the world shall see that a league made in the name of God hath another foundation and assurance than factions made by man for worldly commoditie." But even his enthusiasm could not blind him long to conditions as they really were. On July eighteenth we find him ruefully admitting

mitting to Cecil that "some of our number are poor and we fear corruption by money."

Kirkaldy's correspondence was not in vain. Cecil instructed Percy "to say unto him, that for his letter
" I do privately thank him for so friendly a partici-
" pation with me of such a matter; and ye may as-
" sure him, that rather than that realm should be un-
" der foreign nation and power, oppressed and de-
" prived of the ancient liberties thereto belonging,
" and the nobility thereof, and specially such as at
" this present seek to maintain the truth of the Chris-
" tian religion, be expelled, the authority of England
" would adventure with power and force to aid that
" realm against any such foreign invasion; and, in-
" deed, I dare also affirm, would be as sorry to see
" that ancient nation to be overthrown and oppressed,
" as this our own." The interest of England in expelling the French and maintaining the Congregation in Scotland is readily understood. In July, 1559, the brain of Henry II had been pierced by Montgomery's fatal lance, and as consort of Francis II, Mary Stuart now reigned as Queen of France. Under the pressure of her ambitious uncles she had assumed the arms and title of English Queen, and there were few good Catholics in Europe who did not regard her as the rightful successor of Mary Tudor. The ministers of Elizabeth could not be indifferent to Scottish affairs nor to the welfare of any faction that opposed the House of Guise.

In the fall, then, of 1559 we find nearly the whole nobility of Scotland in arms against the Regent, and the French troops blockaded in Leith. Then William Maitland of Lethington, the most brilliant scholar, the brightest wit and the ablest diplomat of his day, abandoned the Regent and "rendered himself unto Maister Kircaldie, Laird of Grange." Maitland had
declared

declared "that the mark he always shot at" was "the union of England and Scotland in perpetual amity," and the friendship which developed between Grange and himself doubtless had its root in a sense of political accord. The French troops at Leith, admirably trained and commanded, easily held at bay the rough chivalry of Scotland. A sum of money despatched from England was waylaid and seized by the Earl of Bothwell, and the Congregation soon found itself in straits. It required but little skirmishing to convince Grange that the vassals of the Scottish peers were not the men to cope in open field with the best soldiers in Europe. The infantry of the Congregation was badly worsted in an encounter near Restalrig, and the Lord James Stuart was only saved from capture or worse by a whirlwind charge of Kirkaldy's Horse. Then followed the retreat of the whole army upon Stirling, and the Regent in exultation despatched Monsieur D'Oysel with a picked force to lay waste the seditious Kingdom of Fife. This favoured district so far removed from Border strife and Highland raids had grown rich and populous. Its ports were famous for their commerce, while its shores were studded with thrifty villages and the imposing castles of the nobility and gentry. Marching by Linlithgow, D'Oysel crossed the Forth at Stirling bridge and pushed eastward towards St. Andrews. He established headquarters in the Castle of Wemyss, within whose bowers a few years hence the Queen of Scots was to be wooed and won by Henry Darnley. The French march was at first almost unopposed. Kirkaldy's house of Halyards beat off an attack, but his village of Grange was put to the torch, while the old castle was first pillaged and then mined and shattered by gunpowder. "William Kirkaldy of Grange," says Calderwood, "the day after his house was demolished,

ished, sent a defiance to Monsieur D'Oysel and the rest of the French, declaring that to that hour he had used the French favourably; he had saved their lives, when he might have suffered their throats to have been cut. But now seeing they had met him with such rigour, willed them not to look for like favour again. As for Monsieur D'Oysel he bade say to him, he knew he would not get him to skirmish with, because he knew he was but a coward. But it might be, he should requite him in full either in Scotland or France." Lord Ruthven and the Lord James Stuart, as well as Grange, were soon in the field. It was a bitter winter in Fife; the ice formed thick on the lochs, and the snow that lay deep on the land was whirled into impassable drifts by the rough winds that swept in from the sea or came roaring down from the Grampian Hills. Too weak to confront the French advance Kirkaldy kept the open country, and by day and night, guided often by the smoke or glare of wanton conflagrations, he pursued and harried his foe. Knox writes with enthusiasm to Cecil of the prudence and courage displayed by Grange. "They did
"so valiantly that it passed all credibility; for twenty
"and one days they lay in their clothes; their boots
"never came off; they had skirmishing almost every
"day, yea some days from morn until even. They
"held the French so busy that for every horse they
"slew in the Congregation, they lost four French soldiers. . . . They have casten down to the ground
"the Laird of Grange's principal house called the
"Grange and have spoiled his other places. God will
"recompense him I doubt not, for in this cause and
"since the beginning of this last trouble especially
"he hath behaved himself so boldly as never man
"of our realm hath deserved more praise. He hath
"been in many dangers and yet God has delivered
"him

“him above mere expectations.”

But despite all resistance Monsieur D'Oysel forced his slow way toward St. Andrews. On the twenty-fourth of January, 1560, he gained the promontory of Kincaigie, and his eye sweeping the grey expanse of the Firth descried eight ships of war making their way in from the sea. For the moment he hailed them as reinforcements from France, but when the leading ship displayed a broad standard with the red cross of England his illusions were dispelled. What he saw was Mr. Winter's English squadron, the first tangible response of Elizabeth to the appeals of the Congregation. The French retreat began at once. Betwixt the bitterness of the season and the energy of the Scots the indomitable qualities of the French were sorely tried. "The Laird of Grange," says Pitscottie, "slew many of them ere they won Dumfermline." A certain Captain Labattie, "ane verrie manlie sharp man," was cut off from the main body near Kinghorn, and while his men were slain or captured he died an honourable death on the sword of the Master of Lindesay. At Tullibody, Grange destroyed the bridge over the Devon. The French were obliged to bivouack all night in the snows, but at dawn they stripped the village church of its rafters and re-bridged and crossed the stream. Jaded, bleeding and in sad plight the remnants of D'Oysel's column at last reëntered Edinburgh, but before this Grange had been shot through the body "and the bullet did stick in one of his ribs." Gunshot wounds in the sixteenth century were unpleasant affairs, and it is surprising to find Grange again actively engaged in the field in the early spring of 1560. When he rejoined the camp he found the Congregation reinforced by an English army under Lord Grey de Wilton and engaged in laying siege to the French in their defences

fences at Leith. Grange found also that the Queen of England had agreed to aid the Lords upon most surprising conditions. They would retain her favour only so long as they remained loyal to their rightful Princess. She drew the sword for Religion, but not against the Queen of Scots.

The sad-hearted Regent was received into Edinburgh Castle by Lord Erskine, who held a somewhat neutral position in these stormy days. On April thirtieth Sir Henry Percy wrote to Cecil from the camp before Leith extolling the military services of the Laird of Grange. The English cannon silenced the French guns in St. Anthony's Tower and partially breached the walls. Lord Grey prepared for an assault, and on May sixth we find Sadler, Crofts and Grange critically examining the ground before the French defences. Grange promptly decided against the project. In his judgement the French lines were too strong and the allies too inexperienced to justify such vigorous tactics. Crofts was to inform the Lord Grey of their decision, while Sadler and Grange returned to the camp. But in some way a misunderstanding arose. In the early morning of May seventh the assault was made. Not only did Crofts fail in delivering his message, but he was not on hand with his own division to support the attack. The scaling ladders were found to be six feet short, a fact that Knox ascribed to their being made in St. Giles Church to the curtailment of the accustomed preaching. "God would not suffer such contempt of the Word to be long unpunished." The attackers were beaten back with great slaughter. From the window of her sick-room in the Castle the Regent watched the sun rise out of the Firth, and in the red glow of the dawn she saw the lilies of France wave in triumph above the ramparts of Leith. Lord Grey and the leaders of the Congregation

gregation were much alarmed and urgent messages were despatched into England for reinforcements. There was much parleying between the opposing commanders, and in writing to the Duke of Norfolk under date of May thirteenth, Lord Grey refers to a conference between two honest men,—that stanch old Catholic peer, Lord Seton, and the Laird of Grange.

The position of the French, despite their success just mentioned, was most critical. Winter's squadron held the sea, while the power of two kingdoms lay encamped against them. France was racked by internal dissensions, and was coming to think that the services of her veterans were misspent beyond the seas. Negotiations were soon under way to establish a permanent peace, and in the early summer of 1560 the representatives of England, France and Scotland concluded that remarkable pact known as the Treaty of Edinburgh. The French troops sailed for France in their own galleys, and the English soldiery recrossed the Border. While the treaty required the sanction of Francis and Mary to make it valid, and while that sanction was never obtained, its provisions still remained in effect and the Scottish Reformation became an accomplished fact. In the meantime, Mary of Guise had passed away and had made a right Christian and queenly ending. She requested the presence of the leaders of the Congregation, and as they stood about her regretted the errors she had made and her overmuch dependence upon her kinsmen in France. With a beautiful courtesy she even listened to the upbraiding and spiritual admonitions of Master Willcock, a Reformed preacher, and then besought the loyalty of all toward her youthful daughter, the Queen of the realm. "She embraced and with a smiling countenance kissed the nobles one by one, and to those of inferior rank who stood by she gave her

her hand to kiss as a token of her kindness and dying charity." She was a princess of noble and generous character. It was Sir Walter Scott who said "that her talents and virtues were her own; her errors and faults the effect of her deference to the advice of others."

The Scottish Estates met in July, 1560, the jurisdiction of the Catholic clergy was abolished and the celebration of the mass prohibited under extreme penalties. So far the godly were in accord, but now trouble began. The preachers urged that the Church revenues should be devoted to their proper support, to the cause of education and for the help of the poor within the realm. The Scottish nobles saw only maudlin sentiment in a measure that had so little regard for them, and put aside the project as "a devout imagination, a well meant but visionary system which could not possibly be carried into execution." Maitland of Lethington was much amused at the attitude of the clergy, and in his characteristic fashion desired to know "whether the nobility were now to turn hod bearers to toil at the building of the Kirk." Knox was shocked and grieved at the rapacity of these greedy peers. "Who would have thought," he groaned, "that when Joseph ruled in Egypt, his brethren would have come down thither for corn and returned with sacks empty? Men would have thought that Pharaoh's storehouse would have been emptied ere the sons of Jacob were placed in risk of starving for hunger."

In the midst of this plundering Grange appears to have maintained clean hands. He obtained the Castle of Wester-Kinghorn to replace the loss of the Grange, but this was a small recompense for the services he had rendered and the sacrifices he had made.



BOOK III

BOOK III

HOW **Mary Stuart** *reigned in SCOTLAND and how Grange accused her of Evil Doing ; how he bore himself at CARBERRY HILL and at LANGSIDE FIELD, and how he afterwards pursued the Earl of Bothwell into the NORTHERN SEAS.*



BEFORE the close of the year 1560 that gentle soul the King of France had breathed his last in Paris. This event not only left the Queen of Scots a widow, but destroyed the supremacy of her ambitious uncles at the French Court. In view of this discomfiture of the Princes of Lorraine the Scottish Parliament thought it safe to invite their rightful Princess to return to the land of her ancestors. The Lord James Stuart was despatched to Paris to bring about this happy event, and as a result of his mission we find the widowed Queen in the early summer applying to her "dear sister" of England for a safe-conduct to pass into Scotland. The Treaty of Edinburgh was still unratified, the claim to the English throne had not been withdrawn, and the safe-conduct desired by the Scottish Queen was never granted. "Neither those in Scotland, nor we here," declared Cecil, "do like her going home. The Queen's Majesty hath three ships in the North Seas to preserve the fisheries from pirates. I think they will be sorry to see her pass." Randolph writing to Cecil

from

from Edinburgh states that the Lord James, the Earl of Morton and Maitland of Lethington "wish as your honour doth, that she might be stayed yet for a space; and if it were not for their obedience' sake some of them care not though they never saw her face."

But despite the lack of a safe-conduct and those ships that would be sorry to see her pass, the month of August found the Queen on board a French galleon that ploughed its way through summer seas toward the land of her birth. The grey mists settled down upon the waste of quiet waters, and shrouded in their protecting haze the Royal ships passed safely to their anchorage at Leith. The Queen's escort had hailed the fog as the act of Heaven which preserved her from watchful enemies. John Knox also saw in it the hand of God, but to him the skies were overcast and the air was dim to mark the divine displeasure. "That forewarning God gave unto us, but alas! the most part were blind." However lukewarm the nobility, the common people received their Queen with much delight. Fires flashed out on the high lands of Lothian and Fife, and a motley crowd was on hand to accompany the Royal cortège to Edinburgh. There were pageants in which the Church of Rome was derided, and for successive nights companies of Knox's godly youths with three-stringed instruments performed fearful serenades beneath the windows of Holyrood. The great nobles made their way to the capital to pay their doubtful court. The unstable Châtelherault,* the rough and crafty Morton, the savage Lindesay, the fanatical Glencairn, honest Seton, the rash and boastful Bothwell, thronged the town with their armed retainers. The Queen's priests celebrating the mass in the palace chapel barely escaped death by the sword of the Master of Lindesay. The zealous baron was restrained by the Lord James whose
blade

blade was also drawn. Knox lamented this weakness in the brother of the Queen. Was not one mass more dangerous to the realm than a hostile invasion by ten thousand men?

And now for a time the name of Grange drops out of the correspondence and memoirs of the day, for there was a succession of peaceful months when men of the sword could doff their armour. He was doubtless much at Court during the first year after the Queen's return, for the Lord James Stuart was his bosom friend, and it was upon her brother at this time that the Queen leaned much for counsel and support. The Lord James was granted the Earldom of Mar, and we can fancy the honest satisfaction of Grange at the well earned honour that had come to his prudent and brilliant friend. In Edinburgh Grange met again the Duc D'Aumale, his old friend and admirer who had accompanied the Queen from France, and also D'Elbœuf and D'Amville, Admirals in the French service, whom he had known at the Court of Henry II. D'Elbœuf and D'Aumale were uncles of the Queen, and the former consorted much with the Earl of Bothwell, finding in him a fit companion with whom to disturb the precarious peace of the capital and set St. Giles bell a-ringing. In keen contrast to D'Elbœuf, the courtly Brantôme was in Edinburgh, drawn thither from the allurements of Paris by the charms of the youthful Queen. We can fancy that Grange was not at ease with him, and indeed there were few at this rough Court, save Lethington, who could reciprocate his fine phrases or admire his polished wit. Holyrood had become transformed, and what with the tapestries and rich adornments she had brought from France, the Queen had made her cramped and low-ceiled rooms suggestive of the more spacious and splendid interiors of the French châteaux.

The

The French customs and diversions introduced by the Queen drove Knox to distraction. "So soon as ever her French fillocks, fiddles and others of that band got the house alone there might be seen skipping not very comely for honest women." He laboured fiercely with the youthful Princess, and "knocked so hard at her heart" that she shed tears. He assured her that her judgement could not make "that Roman harlot the true spouse of Christ," and roundly condemned her priests as "Baal's shaven sort." Lethington did not approve of his harsh methods. "I could wish," he wrote, "that he would deal more gently with her but surely in her comporting with him she doth declare a wisdom far exceeding her age." Knox saw portentous visions in the misty air, and in the roaring of the gale heard the wrathful complaint of God. But at the palace they were blind. "The Queen and our court made merry!"

The Queen sate daily among her council with her gold embroidery in hand, and in the mornings she was wont to read Livy or Virgil with Master George Buchanan whom Grange had known in Paris. When the Court rode out or followed the chase the people exclaimed, "God bless her fair face!" But Knox saw naught of this and inveighed against "the superfluity of clothes, the targeting of their tails and the rest of their vanity." At night the lights streaming from the palace windows were marked with misgiving by pious eyes, and the voluptuous music of the dance that floated out upon the midnight air fell upon godly ears. It is to be feared that Mar and Grange both bore some modest part in these vanities, for they knew well the manners of polite courts and how to carry a good figure in a galliard. As for Lethington he was restrained by no religious consideration; he was unconvinced in an age of theological fanaticism.

Moreover,

Moreover, his politic heart had become ensnared. He had fallen victim to the bright eyes of one of the Queen's Maies and followed Mary Fleming wherever she chose to lead him.† It is likely that he followed her to mass. It was gorgeously celebrated in the palace chapel, and the choir had gained the services of a rare musician in the secretary of the Ambassador from Piedmont, who had recently arrived in Scotland. The Queen and her ladies heard with rapture, above the swelling harmony of the chant, the rich melodious voice of David Rizzio.

In the late summer of 1562, the Queen entered upon that "cumbersome, painful, and marvellous long" journey to the North which was to result in the humiliation of the House of Gordon. The Earl of Mar accompanied her with an armed force, and in her suite was Mr. Randolph, the English Envoy, whose facile pen was to preserve for all time the picture of the joyous Queen riding fearless and free over hill and moor. After the first tragedy at Inverness the Queen found herself in the midst of war. It was clear that old Huntley, hopeless of pardon, would defend his strong places to the last. In this predicament the Queen sent into Fife for the Laird of Grange, and ordered the cannon at Aberdeen to be made ready. Randolph records these facts under date of September thirtieth. Kirkaldy must have spurred hard in obedience to the Royal summons for it was he who, on the ninth of October, made a dash upon Huntley's castle of Strathbogie, where the said Earl barely escaped capture by scrambling "over a low wall without a boot or a sword." Grange was also present at the action a few days later where Huntley lost his life.

In September the Earl of Mar had been created Earl of Murray, the title by which he is best known in Scottish history, and it is clear that he was in high favour
with

with the Queen. As for Grange he was as loyal a subject as his devotion to the English alliance would permit, and in the rise of the Lord James to the Earldom of Murray he had been drawn closer to the Court and to the person of his Sovereign. There was nothing ambiguous in his attitude at this time. His career was known to the Queen, and he had never expressed regret for the part he bore against her mother in the wars of the Congregation. To attempt to follow the course and examine the motives of the Earl of Murray during the seven years that his sister reigned in Scotland is a hard and intricate task, but Grange had neither taste nor talent for the subtle courses which his friend pursued. He was a soldier who could give and take hard blows in the open, but he was dull and heavy in finding indirect ways to an end. It is doubtful if in the early sixties he had realized the hopes of the Baron, his father. The University of Paris had failed to equip him as "a man of wit and policy" of the sort with which the slaughtered Beatoun was wont to surround himself. How many of the intrigues and cabals of the day were intelligible to Grange it is impossible to say. Murray and Lethington could hardly afford to be frank with each other, and Grange was too outspoken to be trusted with the full confidence of either.

Early in 1565 the first hints were given that Henry Darnley was to be raised to the throne of Scotland. In July of that year the nuptials were celebrated, and one may still read the entry in the Canongate Register of Marriages, "Henry and Marie, Kyng and Qweine of Scotis." Murray had laboured in vain against the project, was not present at the wedding, and in October we find him with Châtellherault, Argyle, Rothes, Glencairn and Grange in open rebellion against the Queen. Grange swept into Edinburgh at the head
of

of a thousand horse, but found the burghers stolidly loyal. Then follows the spectacle of the best soldiers in Scotland driven in wild flight before the enthusiastic power which had rallied to the Queen on her first call to arms. At Hamilton, Captain Brickwell, an officer in the English service, finds Murray, Grange and their friends, and describes them as "very pensive and dismayed men, desperate altogether of their well doing." It is clear from Bedford's correspondence with Cecil that Elizabeth was in Murray's confidence, and that he looked to her for support in the measures undertaken. To Brickwell he complained of the "littell help" received. Murray, Rothes and Glencairn retired into England, and late in October we find Grange writing from Alnwick to the Earl of Leicester, pleading for support in men and ships. With the failure of this revolt, derisively known in Scotland as the Run-about Raid, the English Queen was prompt to disavow all knowledge of the matter. She summoned Murray before her and he, in the presence of the French Envoy, acquitted her of any knowledge or share in the enterprise. Murray was a brave man and a shrewd courtier, and we find him here in the most pitiable plight of his career.

In the meantime Rizzio had run his course at the Scottish Court. Darnley had thrown off the mask and stood revealed to all in the full measure of his besotted insolence. The Queen had determined that at the next session of Parliament the Run-about Raiders should suffer the forfeiture of their estates, a policy that found small favour with Morton, Ruthven, Lethington and other prominent men in the realm. Rizzio was said to approve the Queen's course. Darnley was told that Rizzio did argue with the Queen against granting him the Crown Matrimonial. With dull ears the tipsy youth had heard from crafty
lips

lips that the exiled lords favoured his claims upon the Crown, and that Rizzio was more intimate with the Queen than was fitting. On the ninth of March, 1566, there was a frightful tragedy in Holyrood. Rizzio, in the very presence of the Queen, was done to death by the dirks of Scottish nobles, and when his mangled corpse was thrown aside for burial the King's dagger was still sticking in its side. On the day after the murder Murray and Grange rode down the High Street of Edinburgh, and repaired to the palace to wait upon the King. Murray was summoned to the Queen's presence, and Grange beheld the unhappy woman as she sobbed upon the breast of her brother and lamented that he had not been by to protect her from such cruel handling. Did Grange know of the plot against Signor David? The murder was but an episode in a broad conspiracy in which the nobility and the Kirk itself appear to have been engaged. Randolph told Cecil on March sixth that Murray and Grange were privy "to a matter of no small consequence that was impending in Scotland." On March eighth Bedford announces that Murray is homeward bound, will reach Edinburgh on the tenth, and that "the thing which is intended shall be executed before his coming there." Upon these statements, fortified by his arrival at Holyrood on the day predicted, rests the case against Murray and against Grange as well. But this evidence is not conclusive, and we can only conjecture as to the extent of Murray's fore-knowledge of the palace tragedy and as to whether Grange would have stood in his confidence in such a matter. Still, as in the case of Beatoun's murder, there is small trace of horror or disapproval in the contemporary accounts of the event. To the preachers it seemed "a just act and most worthy of all praise."

Upon

Upon Murray's revolt the Queen had restored the Earldom of Huntley to the Lord Gordon, and to strengthen her cause had recalled from exile the Earl of Bothwell. This brawling, foul-mouthed peer had displayed a loyalty to the Crown of which Murray, Lethington and Grange seemed incapable. His Protestantism was of the lukewarm sort and it had never tempered his hatred of "the auld enemy." In the wars of the Congregation we have seen how his waylaying of the English gold had brought the godly to confusion at Leith. On the night of Rizzio's murder Bothwell was housed within the palace. He crossed swords with Morton's vassals in the close, and finally escaped from one of the palace windows by means of cords. He rode hard to Dunbar and raised the Borderside for the Queen. On the twelfth, two days after Murray's return, the Queen escaped from Holyrood, and on reaching Dunbar found herself at the head of a powerful force. The feeble and repentant King was with her, and she had drawn from him the full list of his colleagues in the conspiracy. Again the enemies of the Queen took to flight. Morton, Ruthven and Lindesay crossed the Border, and John Knox himself departed for Ayrshire in much haste. The Queen reëntered her capital in triumph, escorted by a brave array of Hepburns and Gordons. Murray and Grange were pardoned and the former restored to favour. Bothwell had proved a friend in need. He was confirmed in his offices of Lord High Admiral of Scotland and Lieutenant of the Southern Border. He misdoubted Murray, however, and retired for a time to his Castle of Hermitage, in Liddesdale, where he indulged his restless energy in wild rides over the broken country and in fierce scuffles with "stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves."

After

After the return of the Court to Edinburgh, Grange appears to have retired into Fifeshire. The Queen repaired to Edinburgh Castle for her lying-in, and it was on the morning of the nineteenth of June that Mistress Mary Beatoun crept down the narrow stair and bade Sir James Melville ride to London with the glad tidings that the Queen of Scots was "the mother of a fair son." The Reverend James Melville has recorded his boyish recollection of passing "to the head of the muir to see the fire of joy burning upon the steeple head of Montrose at the day of the King's birth." From his Castle of Wester-Kinghorn, Grange must have seen the red glare on Arthur's Seat and the flaring of beacon-fires all along the Haddington shore from Leith to Berwick Law.

During his seclusion in Fife, Grange doubtless heard enough to convince him that the Court was no longer merry, and that the Queen would have done well had she listened to her brother when he warned her against mating with Henry Darnley. It was in December of this year that Huntley, Argyle, Lethington and Sir James Balfour agreed at Craigmillar "that such a young fool and proud tyrant should not reign nor bear rule over them, and that for divers causes he should be put off by one way or other." The young fool had indeed become insufferable to every one with whom he came in contact. He was again peevish and sullen. He was not present at the christening at Stirling, and when the Queen graced that happy occasion by extending full pardon to the Rizzio conspirators, he was much disturbed. He had betrayed them all and they were vengeful men. On January ninth, 1567, Bedford informs Cecil that Darnley is with his father at Glasgow, "and there lies full of the small pox." On the twentieth of January the Queen left Edinburgh for Glasgow to visit the

the King. The Lord Bothwell as Sheriff of Lothian conducted her as far as the Calendar, a place of Lord Livingstone's near Falkirk. On the twenty-seventh, Darnley, convalescent and repentant, was brought by the Queen from Glasgow to the Calendar on his way to Edinburgh. On the thirtieth the Royal party approached the capital and was met a little east of Linlithgow by the Earl of Bothwell. "It was first designed in Glasgow that the King should have lain in Craigmillar but because he had no will thereof the purpose was altered, and conclusion taken that he should lie beside the Kirk of Field."

The house fitted up for the patient was the property of Sir James Balfour. The Queen passed daily with the gentlemen and ladies of her court to visit her sad and docile consort. On Sunday, February ninth, the nobility was strongly represented in Edinburgh, but the Earl of Murray left town in the morning bound for Fife upon important business. At four o'clock on the afternoon of that day the Queen attended the banquet given by the Bishop of Argyle to the departing Ambassador of Savoy. From there with all the noble company, save Bothwell, who slipped away, she proceeded to Balfour's house to wait upon the King. As darkness fell the lights twinkled merrily in Holyrood, for there was masking and dancing to grace the marriage of Sebastian. The night deepens and the Queen is still with the King, but at eleven o'clock there is a glimpse of "light torches" as "the Queen's Grace" passes along the Blackfriars Wynd. Shortly after midnight Holyrood grows dark and deep gloom settles upon the town, save for a single light burning in the window of the Archbishop Hamilton, over against the Kirk of Field.

About three hours before dawn there is "a blast and crack;" a ruddy glow flashes in the air. Houses tremble

tremble and the sleeping town awakes. The light in the Archbishop's window goes out. Then the bell of St. Giles booms upon the air, and again there is the flashing of torches in the Blackfriars Wynd as Lord Bothwell hurries toward the Kirk of Field with the palace guards. Balfour's house is found wrecked to its foundation stone, and that "noble and mighty Prince, Henry King of Scotland, husband to our sovereign lady," has ended his brief and wicked life.

How the Earl of Bothwell was accused of murder "by placards privily affixed on the public places of the Kirk of Edinburgh," how the Earl of Lennox besought the Queen to bring the slayer of his son to justice, and how Bothwell did in April stand trial for the crime, are recounted in all the histories of the day. The assize was held on April twelfth and Bothwell was acquitted of any share in the King's murder. Lennox was not present. He was forbidden to enter the town with more than six followers, and finding his enemies in great force he feared for his life, and withdrew to Stirling. It was doubtless a fine sight on this fateful day to see Bothwell surrounded by his arquebusiers, and followed by some four thousand gentlemen, pass "with a merry and a lusty shout" to the Tolbooth. It was just a week from the "cleansing" of Bothwell to that picturesque supper in Ainslie's Tavern whereat the great nobles of the realm signed a band, "upon their Honours and Fidelity obliging and promising to set forward the marriage betwixt her Highness, and the noble and mighty Lord, James, Earl Bothwell."

"The Earl of Murray," says Melville, "did foresee the great trouble likely to ensue," and departed for France only a few days before the Bothwell trial. Grange on the other hand regarded the wild rumours
from

from the capital as a call to action. He was probably present at the funeral of King Henry, and doubtless heard "the merry and lusty shout" which greeted Bothwell as he rode to trial. In these days of trickery and terror, when a sense of guilt and danger bore heavily upon the minds of a score of Scottish nobles, we find Grange alone acting with decision for the achievement of an honest end. Murray's wisdom was not now at his command, and Lethington of the ready wit was with the Queen. He turned for help and counsel to his old friends in England, and in his letter to Bedford dated April twentieth, we find his conception of the crisis stated with a martial frankness. "It may please your lordship to let me understand what will be your Sovereign's part concerning the late murder committed among us; for albeit her Majesty was slow in all our last trouble, and therefore lost that favour we did bear unto her, yet nevertheless if her Majesty will pursue for the revenge of the late murder, I dare assure your Lordship she shall win thereby all the hearts of all the best in Scotland again. Further, if we understood that her Majesty would assist us and favour us, we should not be long in revenging of this murder. The Queen caused ratify in Parliament the cleansing of Bothwell. She intends to take the Prince out of the Earl of Mar's hands, and put him into Bothwell's keeping, who murdered the King his father. The same night the Parliament was dissolved, Bothwell called the most part of the noblemen to supper, for to desire of them their promise in writing and consent for the Queen's marriage, which he will obtain; for she has said that she cares not to lose France, England, and her own country for him, and shall go with him to the worlds end in a white petticoat ere she leave him. Yea, she is so

"far

“far past all shame, that she has caused make an
 “Act of Parliament against all those that shall set
 “up any writing that shall speak anything of him.
 “Whatever is dishonest reigns presently in this
 “Court. God deliver them from their evil.”

Events moved rapidly at the Scottish capital, and on April twenty-fourth, five days after the supper at Ainslie's Tavern, Bothwell met the Queen as she passed from Linlithgow toward Edinburgh. He had an armed force at his command, and with or without her consent the Queen was conveyed to Dunbar Castle.‡

Lethington was taken with the Queen in this affair, and how Grange regarded it is shown by his writing to Bedford under date of April twenty-sixth:

“This Queen will never cease until such time as
 “she hath wrecked all the honest men of this realm.
 “She was minded to cause Bothwell seize her, to
 “the end that she may the sooner end the marriage
 “whilk she promised before she caused Bothwell
 “murder her husband. There are many that would
 “revenge the murder, but they fear your mistress.
 “I am so suited, too, to enterprise the revenge, that
 “I must either take it upon hand, or else I maun leave
 “the country, whilk I am determined to do if I can
 “obtain licence. But Bothwell is minded to cut me off,
 “if he may, ere I obtain it, and is returned out of
 “Stirling to Edinburgh. She proposes to take the
 “Prince out of the Earl of Mar's hands, and put
 “him in his hands that murdered his father, as I writ
 “in my last. I pray your lordship let me know what
 “your mistress will do; for if we seek France, we
 “may find favour at their hands; but I would rather
 “persuade to lean to England. This meikle in haste.”

The energy and purpose of Grange had become infectious. The nobles gradually drew together, the
 honest

honest sort to punish Bothwell and preserve the Queen and Prince; the guilty because they saw an opportunity to crush that overbearing man who held their tarnished reputations at his command. By the first week in May the very men who had sworn to support Bothwell in Darnley's murder, and to uphold him in his suit for the hand of the Queen, are buckling on their armour to rid the land of so foul a miscreant.

At this time Sir James Balfour was governor of Edinburgh Castle. He had been placed there by Bothwell, but Sir James Melville besought him to hold it free from Bothwell's influence as a possible refuge for the Queen and Prince. Balfour hesitated, standing much in dread of the strong Border peer, but finally yielded to Melville's urgency on condition "that the Laird of Grange would promise to be his protector in case the nobility might alter upon him." Grange agreed to this condition, and Balfour lightly betrayed his trust.

On the fifteenth day of May the Queen married Bothwell, whom she had already created Duke of Orkney. Morton, Home, Lindesay and Grange now took the field, and by a rapid night march narrowly missed capturing the Duke as he lay at Borthwick Castle. They then moved upon Edinburgh, and when Huntley offered resistance in the King's name, they battered in St. Mary's Port and took forcible possession. They were now joined by Glencairn, Athol and Ruthven, while Lethington also came over to them, being in great fear of his life from the Duke of Orkney. On the fifteenth of June they moved eastward through Musselburgh, and came upon the Royal army as it lay upon the upper slopes of Carberry Hill. Grange, who commanded the Horse upon his side, promptly seized a position that threatened the

the flank and rear of the Royal army. "He is one of the best warriors among our adversaries," was the comment of Bothwell. Du Croc, the French Ambassador, laboured vainly throughout the morning to arrange a peace. Bothwell was splendid on horseback and looked "a great commander." Though his army comprised few men of note save Seton, whose sword was always at the disposal of the Stuarts, and though half his soldiers were disloyal, yet he spoke with great confidence and his bearing was gay and bold. The Queen, arrayed "unqueenly" in short jacket and bright red skirt, rode her palfrey apart. The day was warm. The sea and sky melted together in the summer haze, the heat shimmered in the low valley of the Esk where the Lords were drawn up in martial array. Grange in his post of vantage was a grim menace to the Royal cause. The Queen had much confidence in his honour. She dreaded bloodshed, and Du Croc, hopeless of peace, had left the field. Here, in the words of Sir James Melville, is what took place:

"When the Queen understood that the Laird of
"Grange was chief of that Company of Horse-men,
"she sent the Laird of Ormistoun to desire him to
"come and speak with her under surety, which he
"did after he had acquainted the Lords with her de-
"sire, and had obtained their permission. As he was
"speaking with her Majesty the Earl of Bothwell
"had appointed a Soldier to shoot him, until the Queen
"gave a cry, and said that he would not do her that
"shame, seeing she had promised that he should
"come and return safely. Grange was declaring un-
"to the Queen that all of them were ready to honour
"and serve her, upon condition that she would aban-
"don the Earl of Bothwell, who had murdered her
"husband, and could not be a Husband unto her, who
"had

“ had but lately married the Earl of Huntley’s Sister.
“ The Earl of Bothwell hearkened and heard part of
“ this language, and offered the Combat to any who
“ would maintain that he had murdered the King.
“ The Laird of Grange promised to send him an an-
“ swer shortly thereunto. So he took his leave of the
“ Queen, and went down the Hill to the Lords, who
“ were content that the Laird of Grange should fight
“ with him in that quarrel. For he first offered him-
“ self, and acquainted Bothwell that he would fight
“ with him upon that quarrel. The Earl of Bothwell
“ answered, That he was neither Earl, nor Lord, but
“ a Baron, and so was not his equal. The like answer
“ made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindesay
“ offered to fight him, which he could not well re-
“ fuse, but his heart failed him, and he grew cold
“ in the business. Then the Queen sent again for the
“ Laird of Grange and said to him, that if the Lords
“ would do as he had spoken to her she should put
“ away the Earl of Bothwell, and come unto them.
“ Whereupon he asked the Lords if he might in their
“ name make her Majesty that promise, which they
“ commissioned him to do. Then he rode up again,
“ and saw the Earl of Bothwell part, and came down
“ again and assured the Lords thereof. They de-
“ sired him to go up the Hill again, and receive the
“ Queen, who met him, and said, ‘Laird of Grange,
“ I render myself unto you, upon the conditions you
“ rehearsed unto me in the name of the Lords.’
“ Whereupon she gave him her hand, which he
“ kissed, leading her Majesty’s horse by the bridle
“ down the Hill unto the Lords, who came forward
“ and met her.”

There is a quaint contemporaneous picture, painted for the Earl of Lennox, that gives a crude idea of the field of Carberry and shows the opposing arma-
ments

ments drawn up in battle array. The Queen is riding down the hill toward the Lords and Grange walks on foot by her side, with uncovered head.

The sun was westering when Bothwell galloped almost unattended from the field, and the evening shadows were creeping down the hillsides as the principal Lords moved forward to receive the Queen. There was some interchange of gracious and loyal phrases, but the march to Edinburgh had hardly begun when the rough soldiers began to crowd about their Sovereign and to fill the air with derisive shouts and foul epithets. "The nobility," we are told, "well allowed of this," but Grange rode in to her side, "drew his sword and struck at such as did speak irreverent language." In the darkness the tumultuous procession entered the narrow wynds of the capital, the rabble joining in the uproar and disorder. The Queen was detained in the Provost's house, from the windows of which she made frenzied appeals to her persecutors. Grange was furious. He stormed at his colleagues and threatened to abandon their perjured cause. Betwixt the ravings of the Queen and the wrath of Grange, the Scottish peerage was hard put to it. Some whispered that the Queen's face had bewitched the best soldier in Scotland. Toward midnight, just at the crisis of the matter, when the defection of Grange seemed certain, it was reported among the Lords that a letter from the Queen to Bothwell had just been delivered into their hands. Who produced it, or whether it really was displayed is not clear, but there were some high and mighty peers who declared they had seen it with the ink still damp,—that it had been written within the hour and that the infatuated woman had styled the Earl "her dear heart, whom she would never forget nor abandon." This is the only appearance

appearance in history of this most timely letter. It was not among the mass of documentary evidence that in later years was produced against the Queen, nor do we find it alluded to again.

Grange was dumbfounded, but with fine chivalry he endeavoured to excuse the Queen. "She had in effect," he urged, "abandoned the said Earl, and it was no wonder that she gave him yet a few fair words. He did not doubt if she were discreetly handled and humbly admonished what inconveniences that man had brought upon her, she would by degrees be brought not only to leave him but ere long to detest him." The Lords argued that until she had attained this state of mind she should be held in ward. Grange still urged gentle dealing with her, but admitted that while Bothwell was alive it were better she should be detained in custody. He then offered to pursue the Earl and bring him dead or alive to Edinburgh. And now came another letter from the Queen, this time addressed to Grange, complaining of the violation of his plighted word and of cruel and disrespectful usage.

"Whereunto," says Melville, "he answered that he
"had already reproached the Lords for the same;
"who showed him a letter sent by her unto the Earl
"of Bothwell, promising among many other fair and
"comfortable words, never to abandon or forget
"him, which though he could scarcely believe it was
"written by Her Majesty had stopped his mouth.
"He marvelled that Her Majesty considered not,
"that the said Earl could not be her lawful husband,
"being so lately married with another, whom he
"had deserted without any just ground, albeit he
"were not so hated for the murder of the King her
"husband. He entreated Her Majesty to put him
"clean out of her mind as otherwise she could never
"gain

“gain the love and obedience of her subjects. This letter contained many other loving and humble admonitions which made her bitterly to weep.”

Their distrust of Grange, and the attitude of the mob whose rage against the Queen had given way to pity, led the Lords to adopt extreme measures. She was hurried from Edinburgh at midnight on the sixteenth, and the next day found her safely immured within the Castle of Lochleven.

While Grange was most sensitive to any disrespectful treatment of the Queen it is clear that he believed it wise to hold her for a time in some measure of restraint. He even agreed that the King should be proclaimed—this as a provisional measure, to assist in the preservation of good order within the realm. Before Lindesay rode to Lochleven in July to gain the Queen's abdication, we find Grange with others urging Sir Robert Melville “to tell her the verity,” and how “that anything she did in prison could not prejudice her being again at liberty.” Sir Robert agreed to report this to the Queen as coming from those “he knew to be her true friends,” and it is clear that her abdication was due to this advice rather than to that rough grasp of Lindesay's iron gauntlet. The Queen requested that the Earl of Murray should assume the Regency, and that nobleman was making his way northward through England. On August eleventh he reached Edinburgh, and was besought by Grange “to bear himself gently and humbly unto the Queen. . . . Time might bring about such occasion as they should all wish her at liberty to rule over them.” Perhaps the Lord Murray was not altogether pleased with the attitude of Grange. It is clear that he did not follow his advice. On the sixteenth he reached Lochleven and there arraigned his sister so fiercely that

that she retired that night "in hope of nothing but God's mercy." She was especially cautioned to bear "no revenge to the Lords and others who had sought her reformation," meaning, of course, all those high-born gentlemen who had banded together for the slaying of the King and her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell.

While Grange contended for the courteous treatment of the Queen he was yet more insistent that Bothwell should be seized or slain. This in his judgement was the first step toward the restoration of the Queen. There were many among the nobility who believed it wiser that "sleeping dogs should lie." There were others who believed that any result arising from a mortal combat betwixt Bothwell and Grange would prove a benefit to many peers and barons who had a load of guilt upon their souls. On the eleventh of August a commission was granted to Grange and to his friend, the Laird of Tullibardine, to pursue by sea and land with fire and sword the Earl of Bothwell and his accomplices. Bothwell had fled to Orkney, and on the nineteenth Grange set sail from Leith with four vessels manned by four hundred men. On the eve of departure he wrote as follows to the Earl of Bedford:

"For my own part though I be no good seaman, I
"promise me to your Lordship that if I once en-
"counter with him either by sea or land, he shall
"either carry me with him, or else I shall bring him
"dead or quick to Edinburgh. I take God to witness
"the only occasion that moved me either to procure
"or join myself to the Lords of this late enterprise
"was to restore my native country again to liberty
"and honour. For your Lordship knows well enough
"how we were spoken of amongst all nations for that
"treasonable

“treasonable and horrible deed which was committed by the traitor Bothwell.”

Sailing from Leith in the *Unicorn*, Grange in a few days saw the stormy seas breaking on the coasts of Orkney and heard the deep-toned bells of Kirkwall sounding above the roar of unquiet waters. He bore away to Shetland, and in the Sound of Bressay he first sighted the armada of Bothwell. This glimpse of his enemy had set the blood dancing in his veins, and in spite of their protests he compelled his frightened seamen to crowd on all sail. Bothwell's pilots threaded safely these treacherous and shallow waters but the *Unicorn* was soon hard and fast upon a reef with the great seas beating her in pieces. Bothwell steered for Denmark, while Grange made his perilous way to another ship and without the loss of an hour followed in hot pursuit. Off the Norwegian coast Grange again drew up within cannon-shot. The mainmast of the Earl's ship was splintered by a ball, but at this crisis a great wind arose from the southwest and the warring galleys were driven far apart. Bothwell's craft drifted helplessly upon a sandy beach, but he managed to escape over her side and make his way to higher land. He passed on to a more cruel fate than that for which Grange had destined him. Late in September the ships of Grange came gliding again into Scottish waters, “frustrate of their prey,” but bringing captive with them the shattered galley of Bothwell. Aboard this ill-fated craft were Bolton, Hay and other servants of the Earl, who were to suffer torture and death for the misdeeds of their master, and whose grim and wavering depositions were to chill with dread the noblest blood in Scotland.

The Regent Murray found a hard task upon his hands. The complications which had their root in the
Darnley

Darnley conspiracy threw the nobility of Scotland into strange groupings. Religious lines that had so keenly divided the factions seemed swept away. The minds of many of the great ones in the realm had ceased to reflect upon the pains of Hell, but the scaffold and the block had become a very present terror. Perhaps a tactful course on the part of the Regent might have done much toward quieting the fears and jealousies of these tainted men. But the Regent was not tactful and carried matters with a strong hand. As the Lord Morton grew in favour with him, the Hamiltons and the great people of the West who hated the house of Douglas drew away from his interest. These gentlemen soon espoused warmly the cause of the imprisoned Queen. They were heartily ready to receive her when on that "Sunday at even" in the spring of 1568 she escaped from the island keep. There were warm hearts and good swords in that band of horse with which Lord Seton met her as she stepped upon the strand of Lochleven. Who has not read with delight those pages in *The Abbot* wherein Sir Walter Scott describes that wild night gallop of the Queen's with Seton and his trusty men; and of that morning view from her casement at Niddry where, "instead of the crystal sheet of Lochleven," she saw a landscape of wood and moor, a glimpse of banners "floating in the wind as lightly as summer clouds." There were Hamiltons, Setons and Flemings under arms, "swords and spears in true hands, and glittering armour on loyal breasts."

The Regent lay at Glasgow on the night that the Queen was riding for Niddry. He met the crisis calmly and with decision. The vassals of Lennox and the burghers of Glasgow were promptly under arms, and Morton and Glencairn joined in good season. The Lord Home brought in his Border
spears

spears, Balfour appeared with the arquebusiers from the Castle of Edinburgh. But the eyes of the Regent gladdened when, stained with dust and the marks of hard travel, the best soldier in Scotland came riding on to Glasgow Green at the head of his armed retainers. It is fair to suppose that Murray doubted Kirkaldy's coming, and we can well believe that Kirkaldy was ill at ease in the crisis. Doubtless he still bore much love toward the Regent, though he had lost the full confidence that he had once reposed in him. But Grange did not relish the manner or the season of the Queen's reappearing. She should have taken counsel of wiser friends. Bothwell was still alive and there was no surety that she had conquered her ill-starred love. The triumph of the Hamiltons would plunge the nation into a long period of civil war. Grange must have reasoned in some such fashion as this before he rode westward to join the Regent.

The Queen desired no bloodshed, but would go to Dumbarton Castle "and there endeavour little by little to win again the obedience of all her subjects." She tried to bring about "a communing for concord by the means of the Secretary Lethington and the Laird of Grange; and for her part she would send the Lord Herries and some other." But the Hamiltons, and especially the Queen's General, the Duke of Argyle, confident in superior numbers, were anxious for battle. The Regent, moreover, had divined the Queen's plan to move upon Dumbarton, and Grange having surveyed the ground, his whole army took up a strong position on Langside Hill, which lay directly in her line of march. "The Regent," says Melville, "committed to the Laird of Grange the special care as being an experimented Captain, to oversee every danger, and to ride to every wing

wing to encourage and make help where greatest need was." A thorn tree a few rods from the ruins of Cathcart Castle marks the spot from which on July 18, 1568, the Queen of Scots is said to have looked down upon the battle. Her partisans rushed fiercely up the hill and locked spears with the Regent's pikemen. Some hagbutter, posted by Grange at the head of the lane on Langside Hill, staggered the vanguard of the Hamiltons; § the archers of the Regent beat off an attack by Lord Herries' Horse. Then Grange brought up the reserves and struck the flank of the Queen's pikemen still struggling in the lane. A rout set in. Seton was captured, sword in hand. The Regent forbade pursuit. "Grange was never cruel," says Melville, "so that there were but few slain and taken." The Queen was away on her famous ride to Dundrennan Abbey, from whence she was to pass out of Scotland forever.

BOOK IV

BOOK IV

HOW Grange became Captain of the CASTLE OF EDINBURGH, how he came to Misdoubt the Earl of Murray, and how he was Persuaded to Declare that he stood for the Queen of Scots.



MR JAMES BALFOUR had fought stoutly at Langside, but the Regent was anxious to have the Castle of Edinburgh out of his hands. He had been a minion of Bothwell's, and his reputation for personal honour even in these dishonourable times was

not of the best. Mindful of the pledge that Grange had made, Balfour declared that he would yield his trust to him and to none other. To this suggestion the Regent readily agreed. He was fond of Grange, and though he had been worried by his attitude toward the Queen, he felt reassured now that the unhappy Princess was a fugitive beyond the Border. So on September 5, 1568, Grange entered the Castle as its Captain. The old familiar haunts in Fifeshire were to know him no more, and for the remaining short measure of his life he was to dwell watchful and armed within the walls of Scotland's greatest stronghold.

The Scottish Queen had been dethroned by her nobles. This was a bad precedent for Elizabeth to condone. But the Scottish Queen had not ratified the Treaty of Edinburgh, and was in the eyes of good Catholics the rightful Queen of England. These facts made her a dangerous and unwelcome guest on English

lish soil. While it was clearly for Elizabeth's interest that the insurgent nobles should be called to account, it was even more imperative that the fugitive Princess should be forever discredited as a claimant for the English crown.

Not long after the taking over of the Castle by Grange, we find Murray passing into England to justify the course of the insurgent Lords. Morton, Glencairn and Lennox were in his company, and they had among them those famous letters taken from the gilded Casket, and those strange depositions which had been racked from Bothwell's servants before they laid their heads upon the block. The Scottish peers were face to face with a desperate problem. It was no easy matter to incriminate the Queen in a guilty love for Bothwell and in the tragedy of Kirk of Field without revealing their own share in the marriage and the murder. Grange had urged that nothing should be asserted contrary to the Queen's honour, but while he remained in the Castle, Morton was in England plying the Regent's ear with contrary advice.

The events that took place at York and Hampton Court during the closing months of the year 1568 have been the subject of endless argument for successive generations. The Regent makes but a sorry figure in the picture. Châtelherault, Herries and Lesley defend the Queen, but there is a suggestion of fear and half-heartedness in their bearing. The mystery of Lethington grows more impenetrable. At one moment that crafty man seems anxious that the guilt of the Queen should be established; at another we find him whispering to Norfolk "in the fields" that the evidence against her has been forged, that she is innocent of the crimes that are laid to her charge. She is not allowed to confront her ac-

cusers

cusers nor to see those cruel papers on which the accusations rest. At last, after weeks of unseemly procedure, the English Queen declares that nothing has been shown reflecting upon the honour of her "dear sister." But she finds that the rebellion against Mary's authority was not altogether blameworthy and the accusing Lords are suffered to depart for Scotland. Her dear sister would for the present remain in England under some restraint; the Regent Murray would administer Scotland for James VI.

It was a discordant band of gentlemen that recrossed the Border from England in the early days of 1569. From Stirling, Murray issued a proclamation in the King's name asserting the guilt of the Queen in Darnley's murder. Huntley* was in rebellion in the North, while the Hamiltons were restless and insubordinate. In April the Regent resorted to extreme measures. At a convention of nobles held in Edinburgh on the tenth of the month he seized upon the Duke of Châtelherault and Lord Herries and gave them over to the keeping of Grange. But this high-handed act was not relished by the new Captain of the Castle. He protested vigorously, and Mr. John Wood was sent to reason with him on the Regent's behalf. "I marvel at you," declared the worthy emissary, "that you will be offended at this; for how shall we who are my Lord's defenders, get rewards but by the wrack of such men?" To which Grange responded, "Is that your Holiness? I see nothing among you but Envy, Greediness and Ambition, whereby you will wrack a good Regent and ruin the country!"

Here was a declaration that struck cold to the Regent's heart. The gulf betwixt him and his old friend was widening fast. Another event was at hand to deepen the estrangement. Early in September

Lethington

Lethington was formally accused in the Privy Council at Stirling of complicity in Darnley's murder. The charge was brought by a retainer of the Earl of Lennox, but it was believed at the time that the Regent's distrust of the Secretary was at the root of the accusation. Lethington was arrested, as was Sir James Balfour, in whose house by the Kirk of Field the tragedy had been enacted. Balfour promptly appealed to Grange reminding him of his pledge of protection given in the days before Carberry Hill. To the heated protests of Grange, the Regent pleaded his inability to preserve these gentlemen from prison and asserted it was against his will that they were accused of the King's murder. He declared that Grange should know "his honest part" at their next meeting and begged that he would suspend his judgement. Grange in his rage urged that a like charge of murder should be brought against the Earl of Morton and Mr. Archibald Douglas, a suggestion that raised up against him in the person of the said Earl a fierce and implacable enemy. Murray now offered as a pledge of his confidence in Grange to place Lethington in the Castle, to be warded by him. He journeyed to Edinburgh with the Secretary, and sent for the Captain to come down into the town to confer with him. But Grange had been informed that this was a ruse to draw him without the Castle, whither he would not be allowed to return. He also learned that the Earl of Morton had hired assassins to slay him as he passed out of the Regent's lodgings. So the Captain concluded to remain within his walls, but in the dead of night his men-at-arms came down into the streets, removed the Secretary from his prison and conveyed him to the Castle. This was a terrible blow to Murray. Lethington in Kirkaldy's keeping was a dangerous man, possessing as he did full knowledge

knowledge of all those awful secrets that had so worried the Lords in recent years. Concealing his anger the Regent passed up to the Castle on the day following the event. "He durst trust Grange, though Grange would no longer trust him"—such is Melville's significant comment. The Regent used many fair words, we are told, but Grange was suspicious and took all such speech "in evil part." He had a logical defence to urge for his seizure of Lethington. The Regent had expressed himself as opposed to his arrest and had declared his inability to prevent it. The Captain explained that he had done the Regent a friendly service in accomplishing that good deed which for the moment he was unable to bring to pass himself.

It appears that at this time Grange would willingly have given up the Castle if the security of Lethington and Balfour could have been assured. Sir James Melville endeavoured to arrange for the transfer of command on the terms suggested by Grange, but the Regent declined to consider the proposal, being still anxious to regain the loyalty of his old friend. He desired that Grange should still hold the Castle for the King. "He had too many obligations to him, and too great proofs of his fidelity to mistrust him; he was never minded to take the Castle from him, and if it were out of his hands, he would give him the keeping thereof before any other." He went up again to the Castle and there found the Captain and Lethington together. "He conferred friendly with them of all his affairs with a merry countenance and casting in many merry purposes minding them of many straits and dangers they had formerly been together engaged in." It is a pathetic episode, this effort of the Regent to win again the confidence of Grange. Perhaps Murray was dissembling in these trying

trying days. Sir James Melville believed him to be insincere, and there is no doubt that Lethington used all his powers to convince Grange that this was the case.

So the Regent made his way down into the town again, unhappy and chagrined. The King's standard floated over David's Tower, but already the Queen's faction had taken heart at the attitude of the Captain. The rising for the Queen of Scots in the North of England occurred in December of this year. The rebels were driven over the Border where Murray met them with a strong hand. The Duke of Northumberland was captured and lodged in the Keep of Lochleven. In this rough Border campaign the Regent had missed Grange sadly. For the first time he had confronted serious military problems unassisted by the Fifeshire soldier. Their days of comradeship were over and they were never again to grasp hands or to look in each other's eyes. On January 20, 1570, as Murray rode into Linlithgow on his way to Edinburgh, Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh fired his stealthy and fatal shot. There was a spontaneous outburst of grief in the capital when it was known that the Regent lay dead. He was indeed "the Good Regent" to the preachers and to their loyal followers in the towns. "My Lord Regent's corpse," says the *Diurnal of Occurrents*, "was brought in a boat by sea from Stirling to Leith where it was kept in John Wairdlaw his house, and thereafter carried to the Palace of Holyrood." The mournful procession passed between lines of sobbing people. In the West there was unseemly rejoicing among the Hamiltons, and there were few indeed of the nobles who would have called the dead statesman back. But Grange mourned honestly for his old friend, and on the day of the funeral we learn from the *Diurnal*
of

of Occurrents, that the procession which bore the remains from Holyrood to the College Kirk of St. Giles was headed by William Kirkaldy of Grange, who "rade from the said palace in dule weird," bearing the Lyon standard of Scotland. Behind him came the Master of the Regent's household with the standard of Murray, and then followed Athol, Mar, Glencairn, Ruthven, Graham, Lindesay and a great concourse of barons and lesser people. Within the crowded cathedral the English Ambassador reported "as great a sorrow as he ever saw." When the remains had been placed before the pulpit, the harsh voice of John Knox rang through the dim aisles of the old church as he preached from the words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." "Three thousand persons," says Calderwood, "were moved to shed tears for the loss of such a good and godly Governor."

The character of the Earl of Murray has been as much debated as that of his royal sister. His private life was above reproach. He ruled Scotland with a strong hand, and yet his government on the whole was mild and just. He was conscientious in the discharge of his duty toward the young King. His zeal for religion had increased with succeeding years, and touching this side of his life the eulogy of John Knox was well deserved. He was a brave man, but we have seen him cringing before the English Queen after the Run-about Raid. He was not cruel, but he makes a harsh figure in the conferences at Lochleven. He was more honest than many of his colleagues, but his bearing at York and Hampton Court was not creditable to an honest man. Lethington had declared when the idea of Darnley's removal was first suggested that Murray "would look through his fingers and behold their doings, saying

saying nothing to the same." It is in some such posture as this that history leaves the Good Regent. We can see him through the dimness of three centuries looking askance upon more than one doubtful deed, not assenting, not protesting, but "saying nothing to the same."

It is a hard matter to acquit the English Queen of deliberately fomenting civil strife in Scotland during the year 1570. Indeed, before the close of that year we find Thomas Randolph exulting over the fires of dissension and hate which he had kindled beyond the Tweed. There was no lack of fuel for such a conflagration. Argyle and the Hamiltons had not been represented at the Regent's funeral, but they repaired to Linlithgow and from there to Edinburgh in the month of March. Linlithgow was the headquarters of the Queen's Lords, who had become too powerful a faction to be lightly reckoned with. On April eighteenth there was, according to Bannatyne, a "conference appointed betwixt the Linlithgow Lords and such as stood by the King's authority, at Dalkeith, the end whereof is feared to be that all shall go to the devil together." The preachers were evidently losing faith even in the King's Lords. John Knox upbraided them fiercely for their greed and worldliness and predicted dire troubles that should come to them. To make matters worse at this crisis, the Earl of Sussex invaded the Scottish Border to punish all such as had extended comfort and asylum to the English rebels of the year before. Sussex himself had no relish for such duty. He had informed Melville at Berwick "that if he did any enterprise at that time against any Scotsman it would be against his heart, and that of all Scotsmen he liked best those who were in the Castle of Edinburgh and their dependers." He had urged upon Cecil the dangers that
would

would arise from the invasion unless it were made a prelude to a broader scheme for the pacification of all Scotland. He besought the Queen to declare herself openly for one party or the other. "These matters have too long slept." He was ready to go either way according to the Queen's order, but some declaration was necessary to prevent anarchy in Scotland. But the English Queen spoke not. The rival factions thronged in Edinburgh, the Queen's Lords haunting Maitland's lodgings, while the King's people frequented the house of the Earl of Morton. In vain Maitland warned Cecil that the measures of his Sovereign would drive all Scotsmen into the arms of France. Sussex was ravaging the Merse in April and laying it waste after the fashion of the "auld enemy." Buccleuch's stronghold of Branxholm was thrown down, as was the castle of Lord Home. Then Drury, the Marshal of Berwick, passed swiftly northward with a force of sixteen hundred men, and after a short halt at Edinburgh made his way into the West to lay waste the Hamiltons' country. There had been no warning given of this raid. It was Elizabeth's method of declaring that she did not favour the pretensions of the Queen's faction in Scotland. Drury did his work thoroughly. The castle at Glasgow, from which Darnley had been taken on his last journey to Balfour's house by Kirk of Field, was sacked and burned. The Palace of Hamilton was plundered and then put to the torch, while the lands of Fleming and Livingston were overrun. It was largely through the efforts of Lethington that France was induced to interfere, and it was the representations of the French Ambassador at London that brought about the recall of the English troops.

"Before the armies returned to Edinburgh, the bird in the cage"—so Bannatyne was pleased to style the Secretary

Secretary—"took his flight from the Castel of Edinburgh and lighted in the Blair of Athole where he remained practising his auld craft till the month of August. Confound him and his malicious mind!" Lethington was a free man in the sense that he had undergone his purging from the charge of complicity in the King's murder. Availing himself of the gathering of the nobles in Edinburgh during the days after the Regent's funeral, he had put himself on trial for the crime with which he was charged. For the moment his friends seemed numerous and he was believed to have the Castle at his back. We are told that he made "a very perfect oration," and was washed as white as Bothwell had been before him. But he feared the presence of Drury in the West would encourage Morton, Lennox and the rest of his enemies to attempt some mischief against him. So we find him in July slipping away to Blair in Athole where he had found a refuge in more than one stormy crisis.†

On July 17, 1570, the King's Lords at Stirling declared for the Earl of Lennox as Murray's successor. He was favoured by the Earl of Morton, who, as the most powerful peer in Scotland, found it remunerative to stand as the good friend and supporter of the policies of the English Queen. It is not hard to understand the sordid courses followed by this forceful peer who had Thomas Randolph ever at his elbow. But the appointment of Lennox as Regent meant nothing else than civil war. He was not a Scottish subject. As the father of Darnley he held a blood feud against Argyle and the Hamiltons, and it was Crawford, a retainer of his, who had charged Maitland at Stirling with being art and part in the King's murder. He had been with Drury during his ravages in the West, and in the eyes of the Lords who had suffered he was held as hateful

as

as though it had been his hand that applied the torch which set Hamilton Palace aflame. Thomas Randolph might well congratulate himself upon what the spring-time had brought to pass in Scotland.

Throughout these trying days the standard of James VI had waved from the walls of the Castle of Edinburgh. Before Murray's death the Captain had agreed with the Provost of the town to maintain the authority of the youthful Prince within their jurisdiction. We have seen how the later course of the Captain had given comfort to the adherents of the Queen until, despite the banner it displayed, the Castle had become an enigma to the rival factions. Toward Grange, in his altered attitude, the wrath of the preachers was tempered by sorrow, but for Lethington they had only loathing and hate. "That Great God, the Secretary," snarls Bannatyne in wrathful derision. Maitland was credited with a knowledge of the Black Art, and the backsliding of the Captain was laid to the power of his magic. A few weeks after the Regent's death Grange had set free Herries, Balfour, Seton and the Duke whom he had been warding in the Castle. Then late in April we find the armed Hamiltons received within the town by the Captain's orders.† A few days later Lord Home, fleeing from the wrath of Sussex, found a refuge within the Castle walls. At the door of "that Great God, the Secretary," was laid the responsibility for all these comforts extended to the enemies of the late Regent. The worthy Bannatyne, like his master, Knox, appears to have hoped against hope in the Captain's case. "Let men now judge whether the Captain of the Castle be changed or not." Such was his lament when the Hamiltons came to town. "The former honestie of the man stayed
the

the hearts of all the faithful in their former good opinion of him, unto such time as his rebellion so brusted forth as none could excuse it." By May first it was common talk that Grange had abandoned the King's cause, and "was clean revolted without any further hope." It was said that the Queen of Scots had bribed him with the Priory of St. Andrews, and Randolph availed himself of the rumour to send this bantering note to the friend of his college days: "Brother William, it was indeed most wonderful unto me when I heard that you had become a prior. That vocation agreeth not with anything that ever I knew in you saving for your religious life under the cardinal's hat when we were both students in Paris." But the faithful saw no room for mirth in the defection of their bravest captain. They were ready at last to believe the worst of him, and disregarding his scornful denial of the current rumour, Bannatyne breaks forth passionately in this fashion: "Alace, Sir William Kirkaldy sometye stout and true Laird of Grange. Miserable is thy fall who now draws in yoke with known and manifest traitors, that sometye had place among honest hearts, yea, amongst the saints of God, who for the pleasure of that father of traitors the Secretary, left, yea betrayed, the Regent who promoted thee, and now is bruted to sell the castle for two thousand crowns and for the priory of St. Andrews to be given thee and thine in fee. But Judas joyed not long the price of innocent blood!"

Perhaps the preachers were not far wrong in laying at the door of Lethington a large measure of responsibility for what they regarded as the backsliding of Grange. But with his understanding of the Captain's nature, his keen knowledge of all the conspiracies of the Queen's reign, and his diplomatic handling

handling of the truth, the Secretary needed no magic beyond that of his engaging personality to aid him in his conquest. Lethington had been quick to divine the state of the Captain's mind, disturbed as it was by the treachery of Carberry Hill and the harshness employed by the Earl of Murray toward the Queen. In the past Lethington and Grange had been in accord on more than one important matter, and now the Secretary was earnest in his efforts to gain the confidence of his blunt and outspoken friend. It would be of the keenest interest to know what passed between the Captain and his subtle guest as in the early days of their companionship in the Castle they walked the sunny terraces, or as through long evenings they sat in close conference within the Great Hall, where the flickering glow from the chimney-place cast strange lights and shadows upon the ancient walls. What was it the Secretary had to say of the handling of the Casket Letters, of the manner of the King's dying, and of Bothwell's meeting with the Queen on the Linlithgow road? It is likely that Lethington assured Grange, as he had assured Norfolk, that he knew the truth of Darnley's taking off, that Morton, as well as Bothwell, was a chief conspirator, that the Queen was no murderess, and that the Casket Letters were filthy forgeries. He may have unfolded the vision of a united Britain under a Scottish Princess, and urged that the Queen's honour should be maintained, so that in case Elizabeth died, the English as well as the Scottish crown might be placed upon a Stuart brow. Lethington would hardly have laid much stress upon religious considerations save as they affected the political situation. But the zeal of Grange for the Kirk had grown cool, and he saw among his old comrades of the Congregation nothing but "Envy, Greed and Ambition," as he had declared

declared to Master Wood.

Doubtless the Earl of Murray, as well as Morton, fared ill in these conferences, but the Captain appears to have carried from them the conviction that the Secretary Maitland of Lethington was a man of honour and patriotism, and that the Queen of Scots, despite her ill-starred love for Bothwell, was yet a noble Princess worthy the homage of all English as well as of all Scottish hearts. The position in which Grange stood was a most trying one and a grave responsibility rested upon his shoulders. It was clear that Scotland needed repose and it was also plain that the King's party was far the stronger in the land, and that with the aid of the Castle they must surely and swiftly prevail. The readier way to pacify the realm would seem to lie in his frank espousal of the King's cause. But the arguments of Lethington found reinforcement in the stormy events that had racked the Border. Not only had Home, fleeing from the vengeance of Sussex, passed within the protection of the Castle, but thither came young Fernihurst, who was husband to the Captain's daughter, and Buccleuch of Branksholm, a good friend to Grange, loving him, we are told, "better than any of his own kin." These men bore a fearful hatred to Sussex and Lennox and all that they represented. So while the Captain yearned for peace, the grievances of the Border Chiefs, his own mistrust of Morton, his old pledge to Balfour, his sympathy for the Queen, all conspired with the arguments of the Secretary to draw him away from what at the moment seemed the dominant faction in the land.

If it be true, as Melville asserts, that Morton made his way stealthily into the Castle by night and solicited the aid of Grange in a plot which had for its aim the substitution of the crafty Douglas for the Earl
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of Lennox as Regent of Scotland, the King's cause was certainly no gainer thereby. Grange hotly refused to lend a hand in such a matter. Vacillating and bewildered among the complications that beset him, Grange had recourse to Randolph, the English Ambassador. "There had been great friendship between them in France," and through Melville the Captain begged that the Ambassador would "be plain with him" as to the purposes the Queen of England had in hand. To Melville's solicitations Randolph replied in this fashion: "Tell your friend from Mr. Randolph, but not from the English Ambassador, that there is no lawful authority in Scotland but the Queen's; she will prevail at length and therefore her course is the surest and best for him." It is not clear what impression this made upon the Captain's mind, but a little later the Ambassador conveyed a suggestion to him that destroyed forever what was left of the friendship that had been so strong in France. Randolph desired to know, if in case the two Queens should agree upon an Englishman for the Captain of the Castle, Grange "would condescend also for great commodity to himself to deliver the said Castle unto that person that should be appointed." This Grange "refused utterly in a great anger."

There was much correspondence with England passing in and out of the Castle during the years from 1571 to 1573, and while the signature of Grange appears with that of Lethington on important missives, it is clear that those astute papers were solely the product of the Secretary's subtle mind. Lethington had reëntered the Castle in the spring of 1571, sorely stricken by disease, but with his brain as clear and alert as of yore. § Once again he was recognized as the Secretary of Mary of Scotland, and henceforth

henceforth he was to be steadily loyal to her cause. While he fashioned diplomatic sentences and plied all his arts in behalf of his imprisoned mistress, we find Grange sensitive and testy under criticism and breaking forth into menaces and threatenings in a manner strange for him. His mind was not at peace. He winced under the lashings of his old friends, the preachers, and when he could trace back rude slanders to men of the sword he was quick to give the lie and to offer to maintain whatever he said by single combat. Had he been a free man his hands would have been full proving the slanders of his enemies upon their bodies, but when it came to action he was held in check by his comrades in the Castle. They all insisted that his life, of the first importance to the State, should not be hazarded in private quarrels. Moreover, they declared "that their only comfort under God consisted in the preservation of his person." The Captain's altercation with Alexander Stuart of Garlies may be found set forth at length in Bannatyne, and it forms an almost unworthy note in the record of the Knight of Grange. It is a sorry matter that his associates who prevented the combat could not likewise have checked the correspondence.

Another regrettable incident in which Grange was involved occurred at Leith late in 1570. It appears that in the fall of that year the life of John Kirkaldy, a kinsman of the Captain, had been attempted at Dumfermline by George Durie, Henry Seton and others. On a day not long after, Seton being then in Leith, the Captain sent six of his followers to truncheon him, with strict orders not to draw their swords. The rapier of Seton proved troublesome and dangerous however, and before the scuffle was over he had been mortally wounded by the steel of his adversaries.

ries. The assassins escaped to the Castle with the exception of one James Fleming, who was seized and locked up within the Edinburgh Tolbooth. Now this offender was a favourite henchman of the Captain's, who vainly endeavoured to secure his release. So in the darkness of a December night, we find the men-at-arms from the Castle battering in the doors of the jail and removing Fleming therefrom. The affair was accomplished in the midst of terror produced by the booming of the Captain's artillery. It would hardly have caused comment in these stormy times had it not formed the basis for a quarrel between Knox and the Captain which was destined never to be reconciled. The preacher from his pulpit stormed in righteous indignation, proclaiming that in his days he had never seen "so slanderous, so malapert, so fearful and tyrannous a fact. . . . If the committer had been a man without God, a throat cutter, and such as had never known the works of God it had not moved him, but to see a star fall from heaven and a man of knowledge commit so manifest treason, what Godly heart cannot but lament, tremble and fear." It was reported to the Captain that he had been called "a throat cutter," and he retorted hotly upon Knox, carrying his complaint against the preacher before the Kirk session. The arguments of the contestants are set forth at length by the worthy Bannatyne, and on the whole the preacher makes the more dignified figure in the dispute. It was during this trouble, and after nearly a year's absence from service, that we find Grange on a certain Sunday clanking up the aisle of St. Giles, followed by a guard of soldiers in full armour, to do honour, as he said, to the presence of Margaret, the Dowager Countess of Murray. Among the soldiers there were some who had borne a part in Fleming's rescue. The ire of Knox was
roused

roused at such a display of force within the House of God, and from the pulpit "he forewarned proud contemners that God's mercy appertained not to such as with knowledge proudly transgressed, and after more proudly mentioned the same." Grange took affront at this and other pointed sayings, and soon we find it bruited abroad in the town, that "the Laird of Grange had become sworn enemy to John Knox and would slay him." Glencairn headed a petition praying the Captain for a statement as to the truth of this charge, while the faithful within the town formed a guard for the protection of the preacher against his enemies. This guard was forbidden by Grange, who took upon himself the responsibility of safeguarding the person of his old-time friend and very present enemy.

In April, 1571, the Castle of Dumbarton, which had been stoutly held for the Queen by Lord Fleming, was betrayed to the King's faction. It was a treacherous deed and the Queen's Lords were in despair. The Archbishop Hamilton, he whose light had burned so steadily on the night of the King's murder, was taken prisoner at Dumbarton and without any form of trial was hanged at Stirling by the Regent's orders. Here was new matter for hatred betwixt the Hamiltons and the followers of Lennox. The Regent issued a proclamation in May branding Grange as a traitor, and a few days later appeared the Captain's defence and defiance nailed to the Market Cross of Edinburgh. He was not dismayed by the loss of Dumbarton. In the face of odds he grew strong. The Castle of Edinburgh was no longer an enigma, for the King's flag had come down from David's Tower and in its place a broad standard streamed out in the wind, proclaiming to all Scotland that Grange stood for the Queen.

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The King's Lords moved in force to Leith, and occupying the Canongate of Edinburgh proceeded to hold a Parliament, wherein was decreed the forfeiture of Grange and the other leaders of the Castle party. The Regent's forces were held at the Netherbow Port, for the Castle garrison had barricaded the streets, while cannon were lifted to the steeplehead of St. Giles and from thence raked the length of the Canongate almost to Holyrood House. At this time we find the Regent's faction described by the burghers as the Lords of the Canongate, while the others were known as Castilians. Grange on his part opened a Parliament at the Tolbooth in the Queen's name, where the Duke, Huntley, Home and Maxwell seem to have been the commanding figures. The Castle guns wrought havoc in many quarters, and there was fighting without the town where hostile detachments frequently met. The exploits and dismal fate of Captain Cullayne, the death of Captain Melville, and the stout address of Grange to his bereaved command are given in Bannatyne and other chronicles of the day. We read of the Regent placing ordnance on the Calton Hill with which to "ding" the town; of Huntley bringing down Mons Meg from the Castle to Black Friars Yard from whence she pounded John Lawson's house with stone ball; of the Captain's loopholing of the vaults of St. Giles for musketry; and of the Regent's cavaliers pricking day by day over Halkerston Croft menacing the Castle in wild bravado and drawing its ready fire. The peaceful burghers were driven to distraction in the midst of such uproar and disorder. In May, John Knox was persuaded to leave his spiritual charge and pass over to St. Andrews—a caliver ball had entered the window of his house, and the faithful trembled for his safety. Grange was well content that he should go,
for

for there was bad blood between the Hamiltons and the preacher. The Duke declared he could not answer for his followers in this matter. "There were many rascals among them that loved him not, and they might do him harm without his knowledge," so John Knox departed and soon after the Regent retired also, drawing off his forces toward Stirling to the great relief of the battered capital.

These events constituted the beginning of what was to be known as the Douglas Wars, from the unhappy prominence therein of James Douglas, Earl of Morton. More savage deeds for more selfish ends are rarely recorded in history. Melville is frank in saying that private enmities rather than devotion to any public cause fired the warring parties. "Neither King nor Queen was in any of their minds but they were only possessed by their own ambition, greediness and vengeance." The taint of greed has not stained the reputation of Grange, but there is little in his career during his governorship of the Castle that indicates deep personal devotion to the Queen. He laboured with the preachers to pray for her cause in public, but from such records as have come down to us it would seem that he had far more to say about his own wrongs and those of his friends—Balfour whom he protected and Maitland whom he had rescued—than about the virtues and just claims of the Queen of Scots.

There was one occasion during the sitting of the Canongate Parliament when Grange may be said to have declared his political faith. We have few glimpses of him in these troubled days, or of what went on within the Castle walls, but at this time we are permitted, in the pages of Bannatyne, to pass within the fortress in company with a deputation of the preachers. They sought conference with the Castilians

tilians in the hope "to pacify the troubles of the country."

"At our entry in the Castle," so runs the quaint narrative in Bannatyne, "we past to the Great Hall on the south side, where soon after Sir James Balfour came to us, and thereafter my Lord Duke, and last the Captain of the Castle, who desired My Lord Duke and us also to enter within the Chamber within the said Hall, where the Lord Secretaire was sitting before his bed in a chair. My Lord Duke sat down, so the Captain desired us all instantly to sit down which we did."

After some diplomatic fence in which his keenness appears even through the medium of the preacher's narrative, Lethington declares that he will explain the proceedings of his faction from the beginning. There were two reasons, he said, that led the nobility to appear in arms at Carberry Hill: the first was to punish Bothwell for the King's murder, the other to dissolve the marriage between him and the Queen. It was no part of their plan to dethrone the Queen, and had she consented to separate herself from Bothwell they would have continued in her obedience. They had hoped that all Scotsmen would assist them, but after Carberry their numbers fell away until they were opposed by the greater part of the realm. In this crisis the cloak of some new authority was required to preserve order, and so the King was proclaimed. But the setting up of the King's authority was but a "fetche or shift" to save them from grave inconveniences, and it was never meant that it should stand or continue. "And for my own part," pleads Lethington, "plainly I confess I did very evil and ungodly in the setting up of the King's authority; for he can never justly be King so long as his mother lives." Then turning to his colleagues,
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the Secretary declared that he was assured that they were in agreement with him upon this point. "At this speaking," says Bannatyne, "My Lord Duke, Sir James Balfour, and the Captain confessed with mutual consent, nodding with their heads, and without speaking, the same to be the truth."

Here we have Kirkaldy's confession of faith. A sign from the Duke or from Balfour has no significance, for one was old and fickle and the other always false; but from the silent gesture of Grange we may understand that not only would he fight for the Queen, but that he believed himself at fault when he acknowledged her son. There was more unprofitable conversation in which Balfour bore a part, until Lethington, irritated by the arrogant dogmatism of his guests, is fain to enquire if they be of "the Almighty's secret council." The meeting breaks up. Mr. Andrew Hay passes to the Captain and speaks with him apart, and then "Mr. John,"|| who had acted as spokesman of the party, likewise exchanges a few words with Grange ere he takes his leave. No word passes from Grange during this long interview in which Maitland bears so keen a part. It is a subject for a painter, that strange group gathered within the dim chamber whose windows looked southward across the Lothian plain to the slopes of the Pentlands flooded in sunlight: the preachers, soberly gowned, with thin eager faces; the crippled Secretary, crouching in his chair and stroking the little dog that lies upon his lap; My Lord Duke, solemn and drowsy from age; Balfour restless and quick at retort, and the Captain sitting apart, intent and silent.

In September, 1571, the King's Parliament sate at Stirling. Cassilis, Boyd and Eglinton had abandoned the Queen, and Argyle seemed wavering. Morton, who

who had threatened to change sides, was brought to order by a bribe from England and by other considerations, including a grant of the estates and revenues forfeited by the Laird of Grange. The timid hearts within the Castle were cheered by the Captain's courage. In August he planned for a bold stroke that was to bring his enemies to terms. He would make a sudden descent upon Stirling, seize upon the persons of the Regent's leaders, and bringing them to Edinburgh, compel an agreement in which the just rights of all should be safeguarded and peace established. It was a soldier's scheme, and the Lords in the Castle thought it "exceedingly good." But trouble came when Grange declared his intention to ride with his soldiers and command in person. This his friends "would in no ways grant," again urging the importance of his life to the State. Grange argued that "he was experimented with difficult enterprises," and feared that if he were not present, his men "would not follow rightly or carefully his direction." But the consternation of his colleagues was so great that he was compelled to act against his judgement. So he called Ferniherst, "his good son," and Buccleuch, "a man of rare qualities, wise, true, stout and modest," and obtained their "assurances that they would follow his instructions faithfully and restrictedly." When Grange finally decided to remain within the Castle a great danger for the King's cause had passed. The force of six hundred men picked by the Captain was made up largely of the Borderers of Home and Buccleuch, with a sprinkling of Hamiltons and Gordons. Huntley also rode with the party, and Grange laboured with each commander, explaining the details of his duty with care and precision.

On Sunday, September second, when Grange was
arranging

arranging for his raid, Mr. John Rowe from his pulpit at Stirling was arraigning the Lords for their covetousness, and prophesying "God's hasty vengeance to fall upon them." At daybreak on the Tuesday following, when the preacher leaped from his bed, alarmed by the shouting, the shots, and the ringing of steel, he may have given a terrified thought to his words and dreaded that the wrath of God had come indeed. No good watch had been kept within the town, the Border riders were raging through the streets and lurid flames were curling from Morton's lodgings before the late stars had ceased to twinkle in the sky. Glencairn and others were promptly seized, the Regent fell into the hands of the Laird of Wormistoun, but Morton, despite the terror of the flames, defended his house to the last extremity before yielding to Buccleuch. His stout resistance had not been in vain. What Grange dreaded had come to pass and the Borderers were dispersing in search of plunder. The garrison of Stirling Castle was aroused and came down upon the raiders as they were disordered in the flush of victory. Morton, Glencairn and the others were rescued, but the Regent fell, mortally wounded by a Hamilton bullet. The brave Wormistoun, who had been charged by Grange with the protection of the Regent, died in his defence. What for the moment had seemed a brilliant success became because of lax leadership a dismal failure. Naught was accomplished save the embitterment of old feuds and the killing of Lennox. Few mourned the fate of that selfish man. "The sil-lie regent was slane"—such was Bannatyne's comment.

When the discomfited party regained the capital "they were," says Melville, "very unwelcome guests to the Laird of Grange, who lamented heavily

ily the Regent's slaughter, and said that if he knew who did that foul deed, or who directed it to be done, he would take revenge thereof with his own hand. And whereof he used to be meek and gentle, he now broke out with hard language against the disorder and greediness of them and called them snafflers and beasts."

The Earl of Mar was chosen Regent, and he promptly undertook measures against those in the Castle. Grange had made himself full master of the capital, and the Regent's forces took up their quarters at Leith. It was a fearful winter in Lothian, with hunger and suffering within the city, and savage campaigning and the gibbeting of unhappy prisoners without the walls. The Earl of Mar was a man of honour, and sickening of such proceedings he withdrew early in 1572 to Stirling. But Morton continued in command before the capital, and stamped his savage character as well as his name upon the cruel events occurring there. Randolph had been supplanted by Killigrew in Scotland, and we find Sir William Drury, the Marshal of Berwick, passing to and fro between Edinburgh and the Tweed on diplomatic missions. The Regent would fain have composed the troubles, and he sent Melville privately to the Castle to persuade Grange to agree to a truce. Lethington was against any concessions at this time. He knew that Mar was not the real ruler in the land and he dreaded the wrath of Morton. Moreover, the Queen's fortunes had brightened. Though Herries had deserted to the Regent, the Hamiltons were again dominant in the West, while Adam Gordon was waging a conquering campaign in the North. But Grange "had great displeasure to see Scotsmen so furiously bent against each other;" he believed in Mar, and the Secretary for once was obliged

obliged to yield. So it fell out that in the midsummer of 1572 an Abstinence was concluded betwixt the Regent and the party of the Queen.

BOOK V



BOOK V

HOW Grange defended the Castle against the English who were assisted by all SCOTLAND, and how the Prophecy of John Knox was at length Fulfilled.



ON the first of August, 1572, the rampart guns were blank-shotted and their rapid booming announced to all the countryside that the truce had begun. The townsfolk came thronging back to their long-deserted homes, the Market Cross was adorned with tapestries, banners were displayed and the old town seemed merry in the first joy of returning peace. The great guns were removed from the city walls, from the Kirk of Field and from the steeplehead of St. Giles, and carried back within the Castle. Grange was clearly in a yielding mood. He declared that "he would not sell his duty to His Prince and Country for advantage but would serve the King to settle the Estate. If God should be pleased to grant the Queen her liberty he doubted not but she and her son should agree betwixt themselves, to which all honest and good subjects would consent." For himself and his colleagues he desired "only liberty peacefully to enjoy their own Livings." In this statement lay the very kernel of the Captain's difficulty. Their own livings had been forfeited to the Earl of Morton, and that powerful peer was unlikely to yield up his spoil for the asking. Then both Maitland and Bal-

four were in deadly terror of being called to account for Darnley's murder, and it would be difficult to arrange a guarantee strong enough to tempt these men beyond the Castle walls. In the meantime Grange stood bound for their protection.

Two events now occurred to cloud still further the fair prospect of peace; the first was the death of the Regent Mar, the other the arrival of the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day in Paris. The Regent was nobly treated by the Earl of Morton at his house of Dalkeith, and shortly after, he was seized with "a vehement sickness" which in a few days caused his death. The reputation of Morton was such that it was freely bruited abroad that the Regent "had gotten wrong at His banquet." It was late in August that the news arrived of the massacre in Paris. All the old hatred of the Roman Church flashed up again in Scotland. The Queen's flag, floating from David's Tower, became to the people of Edinburgh the emblem of idolatry and murder. The preachers cried out in wrath against those who would bring in the Popish Queen, and cause the streets of Edinburgh, like those of Paris, to run with the blood of the faithful. We can well believe that these were trying days for Grange. He was standing for the safety of his friends, for the rights of his Queen, whom he believed to have been wronged; but his whole nature must have revolted against this latest news from France. His enemies taunted him with fighting the battle of the Pope, and claimed that he kept his flag afloat by the aid of Charles IX and the Duke of Alva. He could not altogether give the lie to such charges as these. For him the times were clearly out of joint. He had been driven far from the paths in which he walked before Mary Stuart had returned to Scotland.

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Among those whom the truce had brought back to the Scottish capital was John Knox. Again he took up his abode at the old house in the High Street. He made his way with pain to the pulpit in St. Giles, and lifted his now feeble voice to comfort his faithful brethren and to warn and admonish all such as opposed his doctrines. As the autumn waned he lay upon his death-bed, and in these last hours of his stormy life his heart yearned for his pupil within the Castle. "That man's soul is dear to me, and I would not have it perish if I could save it." He explained to those about him that the severity he had used against Grange was only to bring him to acknowledge his shameful declining, that thereby he might be brought to repentance. "You have been witnesses of the former courage and constancy of Grange in the cause of God; but now, alas, into what a gulf has he precipitated himself." Then he called to him Master David Lindesay, the Minister of Leith, and besought him in this fashion: "I have desired all this day to have you that I may send you to yon man in the Castle whom ye know I have loved so dearly. Go, I pray, and tell him that I have sent you once more to warn him, and bid him, in the name of God, to leave that evil cause and give over that Castle. If not, he shall be brought down over the walls of it with shame, and hang against the sun. So God has assured me."

"And now Mr. David, howbeit he thought the message hard and the threatening over particular, yet obeyed, and passed to the Castle." He held speech with the Captain and thought him "somewhat moved" by the message he brought from the friend and counsellor of his youth. From him the Captain passed to the Secretary Lethington, with whom he conferred a while, and then came out to Mr. David
again,

again, and said to him, "Go tell Mr. Knox he is but a drytting prophet." We have seen that among the preachers Lethington was held responsible for the perversion of Grange, and this episode forms a suggestive picture in support of the theory. At first the Captain seems moved, but then coming under the influence of Maitland's charm and subtle tongue he returns a scornful message. This is doubtless the way that things went within the Castle in the year 1572. When the Captain's message was delivered to the dying preacher he murmured sadly, "I am sorry that so it should befall him, yet God assures me there is mercy for his soul." Then at the thought of Lethington the old fierceness flashed for a moment in his dimming eyes, and his voice took on new strength with the words, "For that other, I have no warrant that ever he shall be well." On the twenty-fourth of November, 1572, the spirit of the stern preacher took its flight, and from now on it was common talk among the faithful that the doom of Grange was sealed, that he was to be dragged forth from the Castle and hanged in the face of the sun.

On the same day that John Knox died, James Douglas, Earl of Morton, became Regent of Scotland. He had been the dominant factor in Scottish politics ever since the death of Murray, and his election to the Regency was but the acknowledgement of his standing. The alliance between Elizabeth and himself had proved of mutual advantage. He served her necessities far better in Scotland than if he had been a man of more honest sort. For the moment the new Regent seemed anxious that the arrangement intended between Mar and the people in the Castle should be carried out. Sir James Melville was charged by Morton to confirm the offers of the late Regent, and further to suggest that the Bishopric of St.

St. Andrews and the Castle of Blackness be conferred upon the Laird of Grange. "Every one within the Castle should be restored to their lands and possessions as before." To these suggestions Grange agreed. "He would cause all the rest of the Queen's party to agree with the Regent," but he refused to take the Bishopric of St. Andrews and Castle of Blackness, desiring only his own lands. But now the Regent discovered to Melville the evil subtlety of his ways. He did not, he explained, wish an agreement upon the part of the whole faction of the Queen. On the contrary he desired that this dangerous party should be broken and divided. He preferred that the responsibility for great crimes and extortions committed during the late troubles should be laid upon Huntley and the Hamiltons rather than upon those in the Castle, for by the wreck of the former he would gain greater profit, as they had much wealth and broad lands to reward him for his labour. He charged Melville to say this unto Grange, and that he "must agree without the Hamiltons and the Earls of Huntley and Argyle, or the said Lords would agree without him and those in the Castle." To this suggestion Grange replied that it "was neither godly nor just dealing;" that he would have none of it. "If his friends would abandon him and agree without him and those in his company he had deserved better at their hands, yet he had rather that they should leave and deceive him than that he should do it unto them." There was nothing more to be said as betwixt the Castle and the Regent Morton. On the morning of January 1, 1573, the Queen's flag again floated above David's Tower, and the booming of a culverin on the Castle walls announced that the truce was over. The Regent had made good use of his time. "Money is the man in Scotland,"

Scotland," was Drury's comment after a negotiation with Morton, and with England behind him the Regent had indeed engaged in some profitable bribery. The Queen's party had not recovered from the dismay into which the news from Paris had plunged it, and many of the leaders proved vulnerable to the Regent's persuasions. The universal hatred of the burghers in Edinburgh for the Castle, and what it was believed to stand for, made it easy for Morton during the last days of the truce to throw a considerable force of King's men into the town and erect defences at important points. He had to violate a solemn agreement in order to effect this, but perhaps Grange was the only man surprised by such perfidy. When the Captain looked down upon the crowded roofs of the old town in the grey light of the New Year's morning, it was barricaded against him and swarming with armed foes.

What Morton had threatened in regard to the Hamiltons he brought to pass. In February, at Perth, a reconciliation was effected between the King's party and the Hamilton faction. Sir James Balfour, for whose security Grange had pledged his honour and risked his life, was one of the most prominent figures at this love-feast in Perth. He had slipped away from the Castle and succeeded in making his peace with the Regent. He now turned his back upon Grange and his comrades. There is in the history of these times no mystery of Balfour. He was an arrant knave, the falsest of the false in an age when few men were true. Grange was notified of the defection of Huntley, Argyle and the Hamiltons in a letter "lamenting that the straits they were in had compelled them to accept that agreement which the Regent had offered them, praying him not to take it in evil part, seeing they had no house
nor

nor strength to retire themselves to. They gave him many thanks for the help and assistance he had made them, which they said they would never forget so long as God would lend them their lives." So Grange found himself isolated and deserted within the walls of the Maiden Castle. There were with him the Lord Home and a few other gentlemen of note. Not only had Balfour proved recreant, but Châtelherault, bowed with age and illness, had made his peace with the Regent and been allowed to retire to his estates. The garrison numbered hardly two hundred men, and the situation was complicated from a military standpoint by the presence of the Countess of Argyle, of Lady Kirkaldy and of Lady Maitland, the Secretary's wife, whom, as Mary Fleming, we have met before at the Queen's Court. It is clear that Grange had no illusions as to what the future had in store for him, but Maitland, racked with disease and in dread of Morton's hate, still grasped at straws. He assured the Captain that his wit could still hold the English Queen in play; he was certain that Charles IX and the Duke of Alva would not leave them to their fate. Killigrew, the English Ambassador, urged warmly the surrender of the Castle, but Morton would no longer consider terms. "Though my friends have forsaken me," said the Captain, "and the city of Edinburgh have done so too, yet will I defend this Castle to the last."

The Captain's guns were active throughout the month of January, and the Regent made no progress in his attempt upon the Castle. Great barricades protected the entrance to St. Giles and to the Tolbooth, and in the shelter of these we find the burghers passing calmly to service in the one, and the Lords to sittings of Parliament in the other. But the
shot

shot from the Castle searched many quarters of the town, and made life therein difficult and precarious. So long as England lay quiet and his supplies held out, Grange became satisfied that he could hold his own against the Regent. But the Castle was ill furnished for a siege. The Captain's brother, James Kirkaldy, returning from France with a supply of money and necessaries for the garrison, had landed at Blackness Castle. He found Sir James Balfour in command there, and not knowing of his treachery to Grange fell a prisoner into his hands. He was further undone by the wiles of Helen Kirkaldy, his wife, who had been seduced by the Earl of Morton. James Kirkaldy barely escaped with his life, but at last made his way through great perils to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he arrived with empty hands. Goaded, perhaps, by the tale of the sufferings his brother had undergone, Grange, in the dead of a stormy February night, made a savage sortie against the besieging lines. The trenches were cleared and their affrighted defenders were driven through the Lawnmarket in wild confusion. The torch was applied to buildings in the Castle Wynd, and fanned by the strong gale, a conflagration was soon in progress. To add to the terror of the flames the Castle guns played fiercely upon the stricken district, and rendered perilous the efforts of the burghers to control the fire. This event added to the hatred of the town against the Castle, nor, after the lapse of three centuries, is it clear that any military purpose was served by this savage foray. It must be regarded as the method chosen by the Captain to notify the Regent and the city that James Kirkaldy had rejoined the garrison.

Early in March the Regent, who had been hampered by the lack of engineering skill among his forces,

forces, was joined by a body of English pioneers. Thereupon he began the erection of a battery in Castle Hill Street. But the work was much impeded by the Castle guns, and on the night of the fifteenth the Captain headed another sortie, routed the pioneers and cast down their work. Morton was discouraged, and a few days later he arranged with the Castle for a truce which should continue for the remainder of the month.

The Queen of England now realized that the Castle of Edinburgh would prove a hard nut for her Scottish friends to crack. As the last hold of Mary Stuart's power in Scotland she could not afford that it should remain untaken. To be sure, she was under treaty to Charles IX not to interfere by force of arms in Scottish affairs; but this treaty was now more than twelve months old, and all England was of the opinion that agreements with the monster who fired upon his subjects from the windows of the Louvre were not of a binding nature. So an arrangement was soon made by which the Marshal of Berwick should advance his troops to Edinburgh to assist the Regent against the Castle. We have seen how the mission of James Kirkaldy to France was brought to naught. Lord Seton had fared no better in his efforts to succour the Queen's friends, and was wandering through England in the guise of a beggar. As Grange trod his far-viewing battlements he knew that the game was nearly over. The spring-time was at hand, and the budding green of the coming season lay bright upon the broad landscape, from the sparkling waters of the German Ocean to where Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi lifted their snow-capped summits against the west. At his feet lay the stricken city, and now from the dark and narrow ways there floated up to his ears the roll of
the

the English drums. Day by day he could see the Old Bands of Berwick marching in the town,—arquebusiers, sappers and cannoneers,—while over the road from Leith came rumbling all the cumbersome machinery of their siege and battering trains. Grim redoubts began to arise all about him, planned by skilful heads and built by sturdy hands. It was now the Castle against all Scotland and England.

Sir William Drury, the Marshal of Berwick, was in command of the forces of her English Majesty. He had with him, besides Sir Thomas Sutton, Master General of English Ordnance, such experienced captains as Sir George Carey and Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley. The Castle was soon well-nigh girdled by the English batteries, and on the seventeenth of May they opened fire. Edinburgh had never experienced such a flaming and thundering of great ordnance. Day and night the uproar went on. Lethington could not abide the din, the shouting of the cannoneers, the roar of the guns, the rattle of great shot against the Castle masonry, and the clanking and creaking of the crude machinery of war. He was moved to the low vaults under David's Tower, where these sounds were dulled. After forty-eight hours of cannonading, three of the Castle towers had been demolished and several guns dismounted and wrecked. Before the close of the week David's Tower had been so battered that the English gunners could see through ragged rents in the wall the vaulted ceiling of the great hall within. On the twenty-third of May this whole structure, which had frowned upon its cliff for nearly four centuries, came crashing down in utter ruin. Still the Captain and his men toiled manfully at their guns. The fire from St. Margaret's Tower was so severe that Drury's batteries on that side were silenced more than once.

“There







"There was a very great slaughter amongst the English cannoneers," writes Robert Birrel in his *Diary*, "sundry of them having their legs and arms torn from their bodies in the air by the violence of the great shot."

On the twenty-fourth of May the English fire concentrated upon the Constable Tower, and as it crumbled under the bombarding, great fragments of the masonry went crashing over the cliff. Within the town the faithful bethought themselves of the sayings of Knox as to the Captain's fate, and how the Castle should "run like a sandglass." On the twenty-sixth of the month, or the ninth day from the opening of the cannonade, Drury delivered his infantry attack. In the early morning he moved his lines in from the west, and then stormed the Spur overlooking the town. With his sadly depleted garrison Grange could make no adequate resistance against this formidable movement. On the west the English were thrown back, but at ten o'clock, after three hours of fighting, they were masters of the Spur. With this position the garrison lost their last supply of water, the other wells having become choked with the fallen rubbish. After dark an attempt was made to obtain water from "St. Margaret's well without the Castle on the north side," men being lowered over the cliff by cords. The Regent promptly discovered this move, poisoned the supply, and so made greater havoc within the garrison than had been accomplished by all the gun fire. At last, on the twenty-eighth of May, there was a lull in the fighting, and the English cannoneers descried a tall figure in full armour standing amid the wreck of the Castle walls. It was the Captain, and he held in his hand a white wand as a token of peace. He desired to speak with "his old friend

friend and fellow soldier, the Marshal of Berwick." And now because the Castle entrance was closed by the wreck of the bombardment, the Captain came down over the side of the walls. When John Knox had declared from his pulpit in St. Andrews that the Castle "should run as a sandglass" and that the Captain should not pass out by the gate, his friend, Robert Hamilton, had ventured to question the wisdom of such statements.* To which the preacher had vehemently rejoined, "God is my warrant, and ye shall see it." And now behold, on this twenty-eighth day of May, 1573, Master Hamilton found himself in the shadow of the Castle rock. He beheld "the foreworks of the Castle all demolished, and moving like a sandy brae; he saw the men of war all set in order, the Captain with a little cut of a staff in his hand, taken down over the wall upon the ladders." He was compelled to glorify God and to declare that John Knox was a great prophet.

Within the walls of Drury's lodging, Grange, with Sir Robert Melville, held frank and manly discourse with the Marshal of Berwick. Grange desired to yield the Castle on condition that Maitland and Home should be permitted to retire into England, and he to live on his estates in Fife. Drury was consenting to this arrangement, but when the matter was submitted to the Regent he would hear of no such agreement. Grange and Maitland, with fourteen other gentlemen of the garrison, must submit unconditionally to him, though the English Queen should be the arbitress of their fate. So Grange made his way back behind his ruined walls, determined to abide the worst and die sword in hand. But now he found his soldiers in open revolt. They had done all that men could do. They were tortured by illness, wounds, hunger and thirst. The Castle must

must be given up, or within six hours they would hang Maitland from the walls. On the day following these events the Captain came quietly down and yielded himself to the Marshal of Berwick. That stout soldier received his brave enemy with assurances of his protection and the favour of his Sovereign. Then the little garrison, bearing arms and carrying their standard, passed down into the town followed by the hootings and execration of the people. Lethington, in the last stages of a torturing malady, was conveyed to Leith; Grange and his Lady were entertained at the quarters of the Marshal of Berwick. The Regent was in a rage at the course pursued by Drury. Killigrew, the English Ambassador, harshly criticised the Marshal's action, and wrote to London, agreeing with the Regent that Grange and Maitland were fitter for the next world than for this. Elizabeth disowned the terms of her General, and ordered that the prisoners from the Castle should be delivered into the hands of the Regent as the representative of the King's power in Scotland. Drury took "heavy displeasure" at this. He was, we are told, "so affronted because of the breach of his promise, and that the appointment which he had made with the Castle of Edinburgh was not kept, that he would tarry no longer in his office at Berwick, seeing he had lost his credit and reputation, for he was a plain Man of War, and loved Grange dearly."

The Captain was removed to the Palace of Holyrood, and kept in strict ward within gloomy chambers which he had seen bright and merry in the first days of the Queen's Court. Here he learned of Lethington's death, "after the old Roman fashion, as was said, to prevent his coming to the shambles with the rest." There was no lamentation for that strange, shrewd

shrewd courtier whose charm no man could resist and whose word no man could trust. He had fascinated the English Queen, who had styled him "The Flower of the Wits of Scotland," and it was to her that he was indebted for the last poor favour of a Christian burial. He was the Scottish Macchiavelli, the "Chamaeleon"† of Buchanan; and more than three hundred years after his squalid ending men still debate the mystery of his character and life.

Grange underwent some form of trial, few details of which have come down to us. There were no four thousand gentlemen to acclaim him with "merry and lusty shouts," and to compel his purging by their show of swords and spears. He was condemned to die upon the gibbet as a traitor to James VI. There were many among the Lords who deplored his sad fate, but the fanatical Lindesay, now Provost of Edinburgh, alone made open protest. He it was who would have slain the Queen's priest at the altar and who had threatened her at Lochleven. But Grange was an old comrade in arms. They had fought together against the French in Fife and against the Queen at Langside battle. He denounced the verdict that would bring so stout a soldier to a felon's death. One hundred barons and gentlemen, kinsmen of the House of Kirkaldy, came forward with the offer to bind themselves to serve the House of Douglas in perpetual man-rent if the life of Grange should be spared. Large sums of money were also offered to purchase the clemency of Morton. That eminent man was in straits betwixt his avarice and his fierce yearning for revenge. For the moment he leaned toward the sordid solution of the affair. But now the preachers interfered. Had not John Knox prophesied the Captain's fate? Had not the whole city witnessed the truth of his pious forecastings in regard to

to the Castle? It only remained for the Captain to “hang in the face of the sun,” and the words of the man of God would have been fulfilled! The Regent declared to Killigrew that considering what has been, and daily is, spoken by the preachers “it were better that Grange should die.” It is to the preachers that we are indebted for our knowledge of the last hours of a gallant man. Mr. David Lindesay, the Minister of Leith, whom we have seen before upon a notable occasion, was with the Captain on the last day of his life. Like Knox he had loved him well, but his affection was of a human and genial sort.

“Mr. David, the morn by nine hour, comes again to the Captain and resolves him that it behooved him to suffer. ‘O then, Mr. David,’ says he, ‘for our auld friendship and for Christ’s sake, leave me not!’ So he remains with him, who, pacing up and down a while, and seeing the day fair, the sun clear, and a scaffold preparing at the Cross in the High Gate, he falls in a great study, and alters countenance and colour; which when Mr. David perceived, he came to him, and asked him what he was doing. ‘Faith, Mr. David,’ says he, ‘I perceive well now that Mr. Knox was the true servant of God, and his threatening is to be accomplished;’ and desired to hear the truth of it again. The which Mr. David rehearsed, and added thereunto that the same Mr. Knox at his returning had told him that he was earnest with God for him, was sorry for the love he bore him that that should come to his body, but was assured that there was mercy for his soul. The which he would have repeated over again to him, and thereupon was greatly comforted, and began to be of good and cheerful courage. In the end he beseeches Mr. David not to leave him, but to convoy him to the place of
“execution.

“execution. ‘And take heed,’ says he, ‘I hope in
 “God, after I shall be thought past, to give you a
 “token of the assurance of mercy to my soul, ac-
 “cording to the speaking of the man of God.’ So
 “about three hours after noon, he was brought out
 “and Mr. David with him; and about four, the sun
 “being about west of the north-west neuk of the
 “steeple, he was put off the ladder, and his face first
 “fell to the east; but within a bonnie while turned
 “about to the west and there remained against the
 “sun; at which time Mr. David ever present, says
 “he marked him, when all thought he was away, to
 “lift up his hands that were bound before him and
 “lay them down again softly; which moved him with
 “exclamation to glorify God before all the people.”

Surely so good a soldier had earned a better fate, yet had he died with Norman Leslie at Renti, or fallen in the defence of the Fifelands against the French, one of the darkest epochs in Scottish history would have been unrelieved by those honourable and gentle qualities that appeared in him, and were sadly lacking among the high-born men with whom his lot was cast. It is a fine thing to have inspired the beautiful tribute with which Sir James Melville has adorned his *Memoirs*:

“He was humble, gentle, and meek like a lamb in
 “the house, but like a lion in the fields. He was
 “a lusty, stark, and well proportioned personage,
 “hardy and of a magnanimous courage; secret and
 “prudent in all his enterprises, so that never one
 “that he made or devised miscarried when he was
 “present himself. And when he was victorious, he
 “was very merciful, and naturally liberal, an enemy
 “to greediness and ambition, and a friend to all men
 “in adversity. He fell oft in trouble in protecting
 “innocent men from such as would oppress them.

“... He

“ . . . He was as much envied by them that were of
“ a vile and unworthy nature as he was beloved by
“ all honest men.”

It was early in June, 1573, that the Queen of Scots, pining in her English prison, learned of the fall of the Castle. The Earl of Shrewsbury was a harsh jailor, and he found joy in being the bearer of such tidings. “She makes little show of any grief,” he writes to Burleigh, “and yet it nips her very near.” A few weeks more and the Earl was able to pass again into the presence of his captive and report the death of the Knight of Grange. Which tidings the Queen received with much emotion, and with these words, “How can your Queen expect that I will thank her for depriving me of my only friends? Alas! Henceforth I will neither hear nor speak of Scotland more!”

There is in the possession of the Honourable Mrs. Baillie Hamilton a portrait which is claimed to be a likeness of the hero of this sketch. It is attributed to François Clouet, and is believed to have been painted about the year 1555, or when Grange was serving in the cavalry of Henry II. Tradition, as well as the internal evidence, is in its favour, and in point of authenticity it stands in the same category as the Holyrood portrait of the Earl of Murray which has long been accepted as a faithful likeness of that distinguished man. The face of Grange in this work is refined and commanding, the mouth firm, the complexion pale, the hair and moustache light in colour.

But what portrait can displace the memory we have of Grange as the army of the Lords takes up the march for Edinburgh on the evening of Carberry Hill? The west is reddening behind the dark and broken outline of old Edinburgh town, the fierce
soldiery

soldiery are thronging toward the Queen with disrespectful menace, the frenzied woman cowers in terror upon her frightened palfrey, and then we see the Knight of Grange, erect, with head uncovered, riding alone at her bridle-rein, his great sword flashing in the sunset light as he beats back the ruffians that would affront her. Is there any finer picture than this in Scottish history?

*“He was of a Magnanimous Courage”
“and a Friend to all Men”
“in Adversity.”*

Finis

The Appendix

containing

A Ballat, Notes on this Work

&c.



The Ballat

IT appears that Grange was accused in his day of being a bad poet, as well as a bad subject to James VI. Bannatyne prints in full the "rowstie ryme," with the following preface: "At this time come fourth a ballate, direct (as it had bene) from the captane of the castell, compleaning, as he lay vpoun the craig of Edinburgh: And becaus we neuer vnderstoud the vaine of his poesie of befoir, ye sall reid, gif ye pleis, that ye may judge out of what arrow-bag sic arrowes are shott."

*At the castle of Edinburgh,
Vpoun the bank baith greine and rouch,
As myne alone I lay,
With paper, pen, and inke in hand,
Musing, as I could vnderstand,
Off the suddan decay
That vnto this puir natioune
Apeirandly dois come:
I fand our Congregatione
Was caus of all, and some
Whois auethoris, instructoris,
Hes blindit thame so long,
That, blameles and schameles,
Both riche and poure they wrong.*

*These wicked, vaine veneniaris,
Proud poysoned Pharisiannes,
With thair blind guydis but grace,
Hes caused the puire cuntrie
Assist vnto thair traitorie,*

Thair

The Ballat on

*Thair Prince for to displace:
For teine I can not testifie
How wrangouslie they wrocht,
When thai thair Prince so pitiouslie
In prisone strong had brocht;
Abused hir, accused hir,
With serpent wordis fell,
Of schavelis and rebellis,
Lyk hiddeous houndis of hell.*

*These dispaired birdis of Beliall,
Thocht nocht but to advance thaim sell,
Fra thai had hir down throwin;
With erre and hypocrisie,
To committ open traitorie,
As cleirlie now is knowin:*

*But the grit God omnipotent,
That secreitis thochtis dois serche,
Releivit hes that innocent
Out of thair rage so fearce;
Provydet and guyled
Hir to vncouth land,
Whair wander and sclander
With enemeis none sho fand!*

*Sen tyme of which ejectione,
This cuntrie is come in subjectione
And daylie seruitud.
With men of weir in garisone,
To the communes oppressione,
By slicht, and suddrone bloud;
Whose craft, ingyne, and polycie
Full reddy bent is euer,
Be treasone vnder amitie
Our nobles to disseaver:*

Some

*Some rubbing, some budding,
Thair studie thai employ,
That slichtlie, vnrichtlie,
They may this realme enjoy.*

*This guyding gart grit greif aryse
In me, wha nawayis culd deuyis
 To mend this grit mischance;
And als I argoued all the cais,
I hard ane fuy, within this place,
 “With help of God and France
I fall, within ane litill space,
 Thy dolouris all to drefe!
With help of Christ thou fall, or Pasche,
 Thy kyndlie Prince posses;
Detrusaris, refusaris,
Of hir authoritie;
Nane cairand or spairand,
Shall outhir die or flie.*

*“Thought God, of his just jugment,
Thole thaim to be ane punishment
 To hir, thair supreme heid;
Yit sen thay war participant
With hir, and sho now penitent,
 Rycht fuirly they may dreid;
As wicked scourges hes bene seine
 Get for the scourgene hyre,
When synneris repentis from the splene,
 The scourge cast in the fyre:
Swa Mortone, be fortune,
May get this same reward;
His boasting, nor posting,
I doe it not regard.*

“Baylyh

*“Bayth him and all thair cumpany,
 Thocht England wald thaim fortifie
 I cair thaim nocht a leike;
 For all thair grit munitione,
 I am in suire tuitione,
 This hauld it sall me keip.
 My realme and Princes libertie
 Thairin I sall defend,
 When traitouris salbe hangit hie,
 Or make some schamfull end.
 Assuire thame, I cuire them,
 Erwin as thei do deserve;
 Thair treffone, this cessone,
 It sall not make me suerve:”*

*“For I haue men and meit aneugh,
 They know I am ane tuilzeour teoch,
 And wilbe rycht sone greued;
 When thei haue tint als mony teith
 As thei did at the seige of Leith,
 They wilbe faine to leue it.
 Then quha, I pray you, salbe boun
 Thar tinsall to advance,
 Or gif sic compositione
 As thei gat then of France?
 This fylit, begylit,
 They will bot get the glaikis;
 Cum thai heir, thir tuo yeir,
 They sall not misse thair paikis.”*

*“As for my nyctbouris, Edinburch toun,
 What salbe thair part, vp or downe,
 I can not yit declair;
 Bot one thing I make manifest,
 Gif thei me ony thing molest*

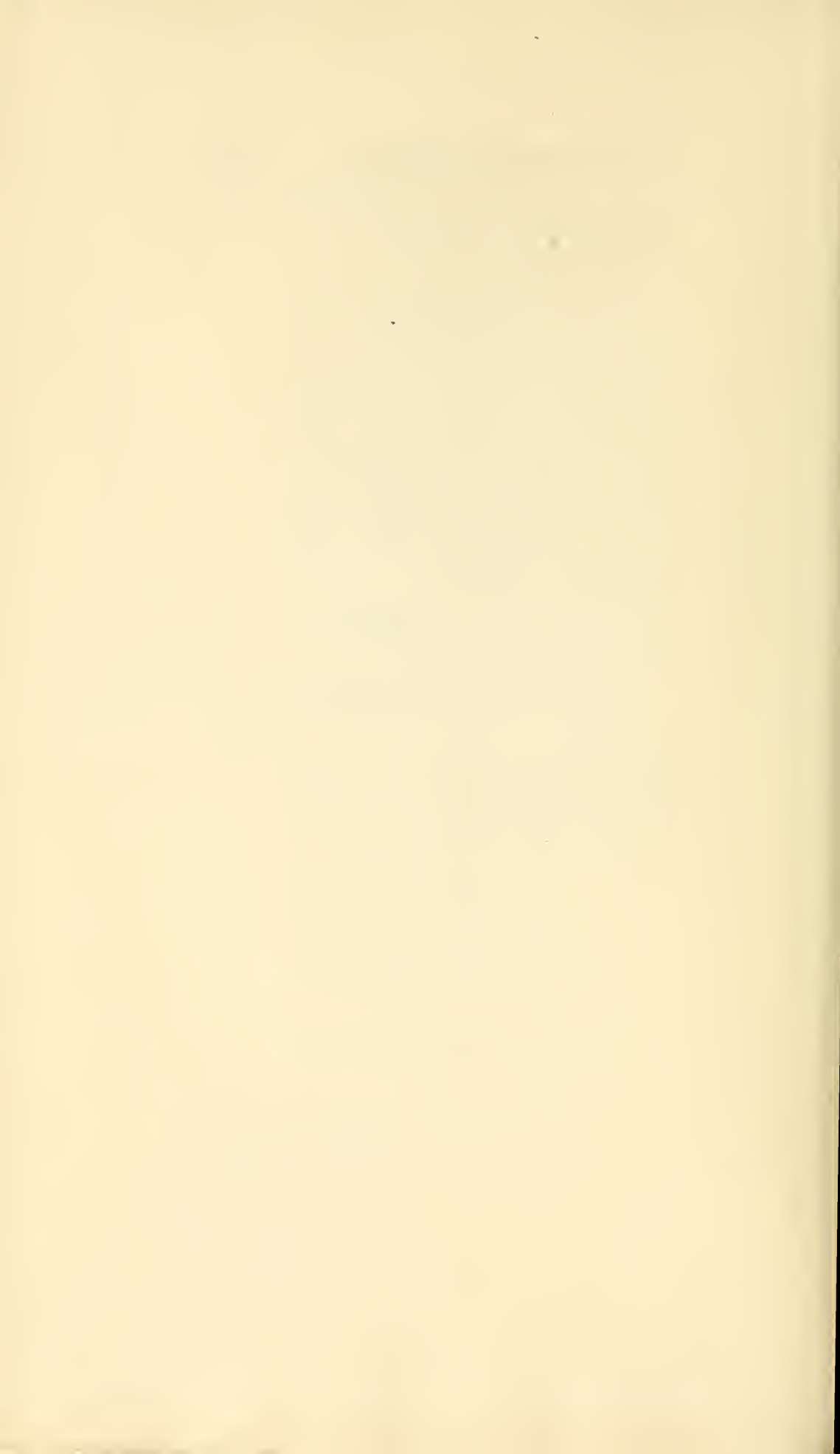
Thair

*Thair buithis salbe made bair.
Gif fyre may thair buildingis sacke,
Or bullat beat thaim downe,
They sall nocht faill that end to mak
The staires made in this toun.
Swa vse thaim, and chuse thaim,
What pairt thei will ensue;
Forfake me, or take me,
They sall drink as thei brew!"*

*He bade me rise and muse na mair,
But pray to God both lait and aire,
To saue this noble ludge,
Which is, in all prosperitie,
And lykwayis in aduersitie,
Our Princes plane refuge.
Thairfoir, all trew men I exhort,
That ye with me accord,
That we all, baith in earnest and sport,
Aske at the leving Lord.
That hanged, or manged,
Mot ilk man mak his end,
Wha dewlie and trewlie
Wald nocht this house defend!*

Finis.

Notes





The hailsome admonitioun &c

Lamp of licht, and peircles of eie of puple,
 Whene knight in martiall deidis most ding
 Worthy wight most balizant war & toyle,
 Capitane ay constant to the king.
 Lustie Lord, that will na wayis maling,
 Barroun dauid, of Cheualr the flour
 perfyte prouest, but maik into this king
 gudely Grange, but spot into this houre.

If the besets to call to memorie,
 The worthie deids done be that Prince sinceit
 King James the first, quha rests in heuin to hie,
 To the quha was his tender seruand deir.
 How in the day he dait the as his peir,
 And lussit the to as man culd luse ane bither
 At night in bed his fellow and his feir
 Esteeming the as thow had bene his brother.

And how his Sone our Regent of Renoun
 That rests with God, quha did thir thingis persail,
 Thocht he be gone, and with his fais put down
 Zit in his lyfe he lussit the by the sail.
 Ay getting the quhat thing that thow wald haif,
 Denying nocht that lay into his handis
 For thy seruice thy fie was not to craif,
 Bot recompanit with gold, with geir and landis.

And quhen the Duke put the to banishment,
 And from the held thy landis mony zeir
 Thow knowis thy self gif he was diligent
 To get thy pear, and slak the of that weir.
 And to the get thy lands thy guds and geir,
 Thocht thair was sum that tuik thy cotomis in feto
 Zit he to the gat thame as is maist clere,
 To preil he was to the ane Whaister trew.

As tyme the Lord did call him to that cure,
 Into this Realme that he suld ring allone
 He the esemit of freidfast faith most zeir
 Thairfor that hauld, and worthie hous of stone.
 He gait to the with Jowallis mony one,
 As unto him that he lussit by the rest
 The quhilk in deid he wald haue done to none,
 Of all his bether that he lussit best.

Septoun, Schir James, bot a the Schir of
 Efter the feld he gait thame in thy cure (Air
 The Duke him self, and heretis thow had thair,
 For in thy handis he thocht thame ay most sure.
 Sum said to him thairin he did iniure
 To put sa mony greit men in thy bandis
 His answer was, quhill that he micht Indure,
 His lyfe and all, he wald pur in thy bandis.

Having this hauld, as I haue done declair,
 In Counsell hous the Land with ane consent
 Chieftie the to be thair prouest and thair Maist
 As man thairto mett and conuenient.
 Duhyll office is, in deid richt ancient,
 Under the king this Burgh to reull and freit
 During thy office, culd thow stand content,
 Thow micht to Lordis be perigall and peir.

Thir officis the farther did promote,
 He neidis na proif, thy self will testifie
 Among the Lordis thow gat baith place and vote
 A Secret Counfall in materis most hie
 Lpke as thame selfis sa thy esemit the,
 Into thair caus baith bent Just and byricht
 Duhen tyme requyris, it suld Reuengit be,
 Thoun on his deith, that byocht the to sic hiecht.

In humbill wyle heifoir I the Ertort,
 With tentye eir unto my tail attend
 I the desyre thre thingis in remus schoze
 First in Gods caus be constant to the end.
 Syne nixt our king, with all thy micht defend
 Him self, his lawis, his libertie and Crown,
 Thuidly unto the ward thow mak it bend
 Ie was thy Whaister Bothwell hauch put down

Into Religion thow was richt feruent,
 God gif the grace thairin to perseuer
 That tyme at Leith thair was na man mair bent
 During that Seige I saw the prik full neir.
 Of ipe noz landis that tyme chow tuik na feir,
 Ay venturand quhair greitest war the dangeris
 For to set furth the word of God most clere
 And for to freith thy Partie Realme fra strangeris.

And now thow seis, how mony doits maling
 Baith tyme and ipe schatand thair force & micht,
 To that Intent that Jersabell suld King
 Duha wald suppres the word of God most bricht,
 And from our king (allace) wald reif his richt,
 Duhome to thay woore thay suld be alwayis trew
 Als doits defend wth force baith day and nicht
 Thay Traouris strang, our Royall Regent slew

The word of God for euer fall preuail,
 And als his Kirk sall haue the ouer hand
 Wharo and his, he byocht in mekill baill
 Duhen he led Israell saith thow se and sand,
 And als the kingis Authortie fall stand
 Als Dauidis did thocht Saul did him molest
 Sa fall our king at lenth posses this land
 As btheris hes in quyetnes and rest.

This godly caus did euer prosper still
 Sen he was king, our Gouvernour and gyde
 Baith at Carbarry and the Langsyde hill
 The michtie God was euer on his syde.
 Now in the North his fais thay durst nocht byde
 Duha thow that pak did loig thair men of weir
 And quhen thair war the last tyme byon Clyde
 Thair durst na sa into thair sycht appeir.

Wurther thow knowis will not unponeist be,
 For neuer was sen Cayn Abell slew
 The Scripture plane the same doits testifie
 That murderars Gods waith sall not eschewe.
 Sall thair eschapp murdour our Regent trew?
 Of bertewis well, of euerie vice denude
 Thocht thair war nane his deith that wald persew
 The michtie God he wald Reuenge his blude.

Dois thow not fe hand of God agane pame
 Working thair work, for byeking his command
 Thocht Lethingtown to trailing he do trane thame
 Garing thame trow the frenche men is at hand.
 And Duke De Alby ay teddy for to land
 With mony Dyk on hiecht of Arthure sair
 Duill that tyme cum we fall lay on the wand
 And gar our fais gif clene ouit all debat.

Duhat neidis pe fear, thocht Ingilad do support
 To pounce sic as proudly doits Rebel (vs,
 That tyme at Leith thow knowis thay did comfourt
 And maid vs fre quhen strangers did vs quell. (vs
 And neuer sorht na proffite to thame sell
 Thow neidis not feir, that hous thay neuer craift,
 The Regent sapis sa far as I heir tell
 Waid thow be trew, thair can na better half it.

Thocht at this tyme, thow haif that warlyke
 And is in hart curagious and baid (craig,
 God will nocht mys to scourge the with a plaig
 Gif in his caus thow lat thy curage cald,
 As thow may se thick furgis monyfaid.
 Lich upon thame that proudly doits disdane
 Except the Lord be watche man of the haid
 Duha walkis the same, thair labour is in bane.

Thow hes bene ane, sen first this caus began,
 And als hes sene, how God gar it proceid
 Heirfor I pray zit do the thing thow can
 Into Gods caus, and to Reuenge his deid.
 And gif thow sworne, richt fait in hart I dyid,
 Thar andzie sall thy doingsis discommen
 Tuise heiron, sen now is tyme of neid
 Whar well I pray this Sthedull that I send

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpewis.
 A. A. R. M. D. D. M. D. L. X. X.

¶ Our offis the farther oir promote,
 It neidis na profit, thy self will suffice
 Among the Lordis thow gat baith place and vote
 At Secretiounfall in materis most hie
 And as thame felis is thap eremit the,
 Into thair caus baith bent Just and vpricht
 When tyme requyris, it suld reuengit be,
 Think on his deith, that byocht the to sic hicht.
¶ In humbill wyse heifort All the Erhocht,
 With centpue eir vnto my fall attend
 All the desyre thy thingis in termes schort
 First in Gods caus be constant to the end.
 As yne mit our king, with all thy micht defend
 Himself, his lawis, his libertie and Cronn,
 Prydly vnto the world thow mak it bend
 He was thy spairer both well hauch put down

¶ Our ar our tyme, thow haif that warlike
 And is in hart curagious and bald (craig,
 God will noch mys to scourge the with a plaig
 As in his caus thow lat thy curage cald.
 Als thow may se thich scourgis monfald,
 Richy vpon thame that proudly dois disane
 Except the Lord be wathe man of the bald
 And a walkis the same, thair laubour is in vane.
 Thow hes bene ane, sen first this caus began,
 And als hes sene, how God gart it proceid
 Heifort All pray sit do the thing thow can
 Into Gods caus, and to reuenge his deid.
 And gif thow soerne, richt sair in hart All dyeid,
 What Andrie sall thy doingis discommend
 Quie heiron, sen now is tyme of neid
 Spair to well All pray this schewall that All send
 Impenit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpeneith.
 A. A. A. D. D. D. A. D. D. A. D. D.

Notes

BOOK I

* Fought in September, 1513.

† It is estimated that the population of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century numbered nearly four million souls. Scotland could show less than a fifth of this number.

‡ The Earl of Surrey "was appointed by King Henry at his going into France to be Lieutenant of the North Parts to defend the same against the King of Scots, if he chanced to invade the Kingdom, and had Commission and Authority to raise the Powers of the Counties of Chester, Lancaster, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and the Bishoprick of Durham." *HISTORIA ANGLO-SCOTICA*.

§ James VI is credited with comparing the Kingdom of Fife with its girdle of fair towns to "a grey cloth mantle with its golden fringe."

|| April 17, 1544.

** This compromise was due to the arguments of Sir George Douglas. "If we agree to this treaty," he urged, "we avoid a bloody and destructive war and have a long period before us, during which the King of England, his son Prince Edward, or the infant Queen Mary may one of them die so that the treaty will be broken off."

†† Evers, with Sir Brian Latoun, had commanded the English who laid waste the Border. Both were slain on Ancrum Moor.

‡‡ The Firth was so known in Scotland during the sixteenth century.

BOOK II

BOOK II

* Among the abbeys and churches desecrated within a few weeks after the march of the Congregation upon Edinburgh were the following: Aberbrothick, Cupar, Cambuskenneth, Dunblane, Dunkeld, Edinburgh, Kelso, Paisley, Stirling, St. Ninians, Scone and Dumfermline.

BOOK III

* The Regent Arran had accepted a pension from France, and had been created Duke of Châtellherault within that kingdom.

† Maitland's wooing found no favour with his friends. "The Secretary's wife is dead," growls Grange, "and he is a suitor for Mary Fleming who is as meet for him as I to be a page." Randolph was amused, and expressed himself in this fashion: "My old friend Lethington hath leisure to make love; and in the end, I believe, as wise as he is, will show himself a very fool, and stark staring mad."

‡ The official view of the transaction is given in the Act of Parliament for Bothwell's forfeiture passed December 20, 1567, from which the following is an extract:

"He, with a great number of armed men—to wit, a thousand horsemen in mail, and others equipped in warlike manner—did, on the twenty-fourth day of the month of April last, waylay our dearest mother Mary, then Queen of Scots, on her journey from Linlithgow to our city of Edinburgh, she suspecting no evil from any subject of hers, much less from the said Earl of Bothwell, to whom she had vouchsafed as many tokens of liberality and bounty as any prince could show or exhibit to a faithful subject; and with force and treasonable violence did seize upon her august person, and did lay violent hands upon her, not permitting her to enter the city of Edinburgh peacefully; but committed the heinous crime of ravishment upon her august person, by apprehending our said dearest mother on the public highway, and by carrying her away on the same night
"to

“to the Castle of Dunbar, which was then in his keeping; by forcibly and violently incarcerating and holding her therein captive for the space of twelve days or thereby; and by compelling her, through fear, to which even the most constant of women are liable, to give him a promise of marriage at as early period as it possibly could be contracted.”

§ “The Laird of Grange had already viewed the ground and with all possible diligence caused every horseman take on a footman of the Regent’s guard behind him, and ride with speed to the head of the Langsyde hill, and set down the said footmen with their culverins at a strait lane head, where there were some houses and gardens of great advantage; which soldiers, with their continual shot, dropped down divers in the vanguard led by the Hamiltons. . . . Grange cried, at the joining, to let the enemy lay down first their spears, and to bear up theirs; which spears were so thick fixed in others jacks, that some of the pistols and great staves that were thrown by them that were behind, might be seen lying upon the spears.” MEMOIRS OF SIR JAMES MELVILLE.

BOOK IV

* George Gordon, fifth Earl of Huntley, who succeeded to the title in 1567. In this year was rescinded the sentence of forfeiture which had been passed upon his father’s corpse in 1562.

† The Earl of Athole had married Margaret Fleming, sister to the Secretary’s wife.

‡ “Upon Saturday, the twenty-second of April, the Lord Seton assembled all his forces at the palace of Holyrood House and made no small brag, that he would enter the town of Edinburgh and strike his drum in despite of all the cairles. . . . That same night the Hamilton traitors and others joined with him, whom the Captain, then Provost of the town, caused to be received, notwithstanding his former vows.” BANNATYNE’S MEMORIALS.

§ “On Thursday the tenth of Apryle, the heid of wit the
“Secretaire,

“Secretaire, landit in the nyght at Leyth whare he remained till the morne, and was borne up with six workmen with sting and ling, and Mr. Robert Maitland haulding up his head, and when they had put him in at the castle yeat, ilk ane of the workmen gat iii sh. which they receavit grudginglie, hoping to have gottin mair for their laboure. And being put in Lord Homes chalmer, he maid the Lord exceedingly angrie that he suld be discharged for sic a one.” BANNATYNE’S MEMORIALS.

|| Mr. Burton assumes that this person was none other than John Knox, but it seems clear that Knox was in St. Andrews at this time, and the identity of “Mr. John,” the spokesman for the preachers, is thus left in doubt.

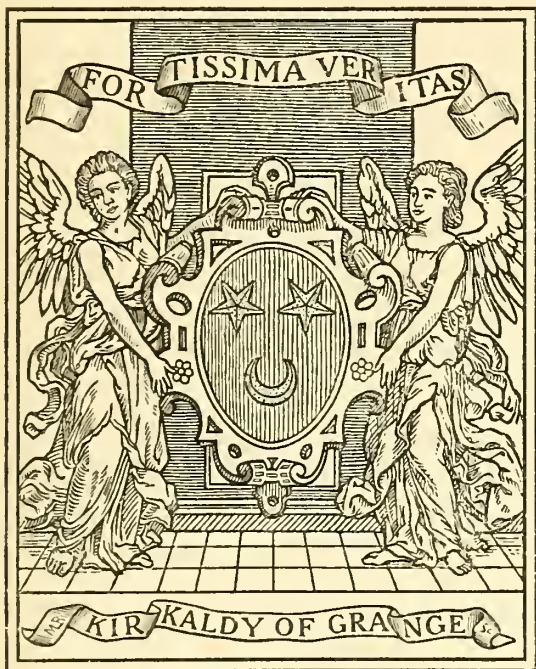
BOOK V

* That Knox, shortly after his arrival in St. Andrews, was prophesying the fate of Grange is shown in the following extract from the Autobiography and Diary of Mr. James Melville :

“This year (1571) in the month of July, Mr. John Davidson, one of our Regents, made a play at the marriage of Mr. John Colvin, which was played in Mr. Knox’s presence; wherein, according to Mr. Knox’s doctrine, the Castle of Edinburgh was besieged, taken, and the Captain, with one or two with him, hanged in effigy.”

† A bitter satire upon the Secretary, printed by Robert Lekpreuik at Edinburgh. For this and other offences against the Castilians, Lekpreuik was compelled to leave the city, after narrowly escaping arrest by Grange.

THIS BOOK is one of an edition of One Hundred and Fourteen copies printed on Arnold hand-made paper, by D. B. Updike at THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS Boston



Printing completed and type distributed in June
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